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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
RECORDS OF AN ESSAY HOUSE AND ITS PROPRIETORS, by JAMES GAIRDNER	351
FREDERICK TENNYSON'S POEMS, by G. GREGORY SMITH	352
HEDDERWICK'S BACKWARD GLANCES, by W. WALLACE	353
FINCH'S SPAIR AND MOROCCO, by J. E. BUDGETT MEAKIN	353
LADY WILDE'S NOTES ON MEN AND BOOKS, by WALTER LEWIN	354
DR. HARTMANN'S JACOB BOEHME, by the Rev. WESTWORTH WEBSTER	355
NEW NOVELS, by J. B. ALLEN	356
CURRENT LITERATURE	357
NOTES AND NEWS	358
THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES	359
UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS	359
ORIGINAL VERSE: "Autumn's Tale," by T. GORDON HAKE	359
MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS	359
SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS	360
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
Notes on <i>Herod's</i> <i>Idylls</i> , by E. W. B. NICHOLSON, Herbert Richards, Prof. A. PALMER, Walter Headlam, and L. L. SHADWELL	360
APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK	362
PROF. LEO'S EDITION OF THE CULEX, by ROBINSON ELLIS	362
SCIENCE NOTES	363
MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES	363
ART BOOKS	364
THE EXCAVATIONS AT CHESTER	364
CORRESPONDENCE:—	
<i>Trojan Inscriptions: A Rectification</i> , by Prof. SAYCE	364
NOTES ON ART AND ANTHROPOLOGY	364
"THEIRSE RAQUIN" by F. WEDMORE	365
STAGE NOTES	365
THE WINTER OPERA SEASON, by J. S. SHEPLOCK	366
MUSIC NOTES	366
OBITUARY	366

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COMEDY THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 9, **GODPAPA**. Mr. C. H. Hawtrej, Mr. James Nelson, Mr. William Wykes, Mr. W. F. Hawtrej, and Mr. Charles Brookfield; Miss Annie Irish, Miss Vane Featherston, Miss V. Ambruster, and Miss Lottie Venne. At 8.15, **ROSABELA**.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
THIS EVENING, at 8.45, **MISS DECIMA**. Mr. David James, Messrs. Chas. Conyers, Chauncey Olcott, Templar Saxe, Welton Dale; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Josephine Findlay, Lucy Buckstone, and J. Nesville. At 8, **LISCHEN** and **FRITZCHEN**.

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HAYMARKET THEATRE.

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LYCEUM THEATRE.

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THIS EVENING, at 8.20, **THE AMERICAN**. Mr. Edward Compton, Messrs. Lewis Ball, C. Blakiston, Y. Stewart, S. Paxton, C. M. Hallard, H. Hunter, F. W. Parnain; Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Misses Louise Moodie, Adrienne Dairrolles, Evelyn McNay, C. Lindsay, and Miss Elizabeth Robins. At 8, **A DEAD LETTER**.

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THIS EVENING, at 7.45, **ARRAH-NA-FOGUE**. Miss Julia Warden, Mrs. John Carter, and Ella Terriss; Messrs. Henry Neville, Wilfred E. Shine, Bassett Roe, Chas. Ashford, Henry Belford, John Carter, T. Verner, T. Kingston, and Arthur Dacre.

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LITERATURE.

The Hall of Lawford Hall. Records of an Essex House and of its Proprietors from the Saxon Times to the Reign of Henry VIII. (Printed for the Author by Ellis and Elvey.)

THIS book seems not to have been written originally with any view to publication; but the short description of his own hall, which the author says he prepared many years ago, apparently for the benefit of his children, and afterwards put in type for the use of visitors to the house, kept growing under his hand as he pursued investigations further and further regarding past owners of the manor, till now it has become a thick quarto of over 500 pages of print. Even now, however, the writer modestly avoids, or seeks to avoid, unnecessary publicity, as he has abstained from putting his name upon the title-page; but he neither can nor ought to indulge in the hope of remaining unknown, seeing that we have only to turn to the list of owners of the hall at the beginning of his book, in which the last name is that of the present owner, Mr. Francis Morgan Nichols, a gentleman whose family have been distinguished in antiquarian literature for no less than three generations, and who is himself not unknown to the public as the author of a work on the Roman Forum.

It would be too much to hope that many owners of ancient manor houses throughout the country would devote anything like the same zeal and assiduity which Mr. Nichols has here shown, in inquiring into the past history of their property; and perhaps there are not many manor houses that could yield such a fruitful history as Lawford Hall. But a few such monographs might be expected to have a perceptible influence on the history of England at large. For even where the landowners have not been distinguished men, it is only from local history that we can learn the real state of the country in past ages; and if we only knew as much about a few particular places, say in Hampshire, Warwickshire, or Yorkshire, as Mr. Nichols tells us here about a manor in Essex, the general historian could fill up many deficiencies in his narrative, and add to it some warmth of colour very different from the artificial colouring to which we have been accustomed in the too attractive pages of Macaulay.

To us of the nineteenth century, Essex is by no means such an interesting county as it was to our forefathers several ages ago. In respect of wealth and population, England has shifted its centre of gravity; and Essex, notwithstanding its neighbourhood to London, is, on the whole, rather a

backward county. Four or five centuries ago it was almost, if not quite, the wealthiest county in England, and one of the most populous. It is amusing, in these days, to hear of the Earl of Oxford calling on the gentlemen of Essex to meet him at Chelmsford, when the king (Henry VII.) was to be there with a number of Northern followers, "and that they be well-appointed, that the Lancashire men may see that there be gentlemen of as great substance that they be able to buy all Lancashire." Imagine some Essex men proposing "to buy all Lancashire" nowadays! Why, a score or two of Manchester mill-owners and Liverpool merchants could, if they were so disposed, pretty nearly buy all Essex. But in days before factories existed, and when the commerce of England depended entirely on natural harbours and navigable rivers, a county blessed with a fertile soil, washed by the Thames on one side and the sea on another, with easy water carriage from many parts to the London market for cargoes of grain and farm produce, could not but be one of the wealthiest in the whole kingdom.

The manor of Lawford is situated in the furthest corner of the county, overlooking the Stour above its estuary. Its earliest owners, of whom we are informed, were the Breton or Le Breton family, whose head, Radulfus Brito, one of the justices itinerant of Henry II., probably had a grant of it from the Crown. Under them we meet with some characteristic incidents of feudalism. The wardship of one of the heirs is purchased by John de Grey, bishop of Norwich, who marries him to his niece, Eve, daughter of Sir John de Grey, of Rotherfield. After the death of another owner, a writ is sent to the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk to inquire who they were who carried off his widow by night, apparently from Lawford Hall into the neighbouring county of Suffolk. The inheritance of the Bretons is ultimately divided among co-heirs. The manor, also, is no longer held directly of the Crown, but partly of the Lacys, of Castle Frome, in Herefordshire, partly of the Bouchiers, afterwards earls of Essex. Sir Benet de Cokefeld, however, a man of considerable importance in the days of Edward I., managed to get the whole manor into his hands by purchase from Sir Alexander of Hilton, but not without having to endure some litigation afterwards, both as to the advowson and other reserved rights, which afford a curious picture of the intricacies of the law in those days.

Under Henry VI. the manor was acquired by "the good duke Humphrey" of Gloucester, on whose suspicious death and the story of the Bury Parliament Mr. Nichols has something to say that deserves attention. It then came to the Crown, and was immediately granted to John Say, gentleman usher of the chamber, for life. John Say had sat in the Bury Parliament for the borough of Cambridge. In the next he represented the county of Cambridge, and was elected Speaker. This was doubtless due to favour at court, no less than his appointment as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster which immediately followed. But it was a perilous time for court favourites; for the Duke of Suffolk had

already been called upon for explanations touching the cession of Maine and Anjou, and was next year attainted in Parliament, and after being banished by the king was murdered at sea. John Say shared the duke's unpopularity, and was pointed at in the political ballads of the time (which by poetical license changed his christian name and called him Tom of Say) as one of a set of greedy courtiers who had impoverished the Crown. He, however, managed to live through a good deal of rough weather, and by the patronage of Viscount Bouchier and the Yorkist party was made under treasurer of England, retained his offices apparently, or at least the chancellorship of the duchy, when his old master, Henry VI., was restored in 1470, obtained a pardon next year on the return of Edward IV., was appointed five years later to the high office of keeper of the great wardrobe, and died in 1478, leaving a handsome fortune to his son William.

From this time there is a domestic interest in Mr. Nichols's narrative which is absent in the earlier part. John, or Sir John, Say (it does not appear when he was knighted), was twice married, and his family connections are of no less interest than his political career; but we have not time to dwell upon them. His son William, afterwards Sir William, when a widower, married a widow named Lady Waldegrave, on whom John Paston had set his eyes in vain. John Paston, indeed, was early enough in the field, and, if Mr. Nichols rightly interprets an expression in his brother's letter, had anticipated her husband's decease as a great opportunity for himself. But he hardly deserved success for letting his brother do the wooing for him; and though the lady consented to his keeping her musk-ball which the deputy wooer managed artfully to steal for him, she refused to accept his ring or give him any comfort in his suit.

The next owner of Lawford was William Blount, Lord Mountjoy, Sir William Say's son-in-law, under a settlement made during Sir William's lifetime. This young nobleman was a pupil of Erasmus, and in the course of his studies obtained from his master a scholastic dissertation on the advantages of the married state, which, he said, he liked so well that he had quite determined to act accordingly. "Nay," said Erasmus, "you must first read what I have to say on the other side;" but the young man was perfectly satisfied with the arguments on the first side, and desired Erasmus to keep the other to himself. He evidently remained of the same mind through life, for he married no less than four times. Throughout life also he was a great lover of learning and steadfast friend of his teacher, and it was in his company that the latter first visited England. Mr. Nichols has made a mistake, which he corrects in his preface, about the date of this last event. He supposed, as the older biographers of Erasmus did, that the great scholar came to England in 1497, and took for granted that he must have been at his pupil's wedding in Easter of that year. But Mountjoy must have gone back to Paris in 1498, and returned to England with Erasmus in 1499. The latter seems to have meditated only a very brief stay indeed,

returning before the winter; but he was unable to leave the kingdom—first in consequence of the orders issued after the flight of Edmund De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and then, winter coming on, his return was delayed till January.

Dates in connexion with the life and letters of Erasmus are so confusing that any patient student who will take the pains to make a few of them clear does a real service to literature and perhaps to history. If Mr. Nichols has been entangled in one error he has been successful in correcting the dates of other letters in the correspondence, and also those of some state papers connected with Lord Mountjoy when he was Governor of Tournay, as given in the *Kalendar of Henry VIII.* Lord Mountjoy's biography, which is very interesting, fills no less than 158 pages of Mr. Nichols's book, while that of his son-in-law, the Marquis of Exeter, and his wife occupy about as many. With these and the story of the fall of the Courtenays the book is brought to a close, and I regret that space forbids me now to do justice to the most interesting part of the whole volume. I can but glance at a few scenes and occurrences which no reader will forget. How Lord Mountjoy, as Chamberlain to Katherine of Arragon, had the unpleasant duty laid upon him to endeavour to persuade his mistress to forbear to call herself Queen and be content with the title Princess of Wales; how his daughter Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, though she stood godmother to the Princess, afterwards Queen, Elizabeth, was imprisoned for her attachment to Katherine and for believing to some extent, as many did who were not altogether fools, in the Nun of Kent; how she was liberated at Thomas Cromwell's intercession, on writing a very submissive letter, acknowledging her indiscretion; how her husband, the marquis, also was arrested from some suspicion of his loyalty, and secret inquiries made about him among his tenants in Cornwall many years before the accusation of treason on which he was condemned; and, finally, how he and his wife were involved, with Lord Montague and others, in the fatal charge of aiding the designs of Cardinal Pole, who would have brought back England into subjection to Rome: these are among the more prominent facts of a family history that is full of interest. Mr. Nichols, moreover, has gone to original sources for most of his facts; those relating to the final charge of treason he confesses not to have been able to investigate very minutely. But he has done something to make matters clearer even upon this point, by pointing out a hitherto unnoticed error of Mr. Froude, who connects the inquiry among Exeter's tenants in Cornwall with the causes which brought about his fall. It really took place seven years earlier, and seems to have been due mainly to his sympathy with Katherine of Arragon and his dislike of Anne Boleyn.

Altogether, this book is one of real value for much more than local history.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

Daphne and Other Poems. By Frederick Tennyson. (Macmillans).

MR. FREDERICK TENNYSON reminds us of the poet in Mrs. Browning's "Vision," who, with sweet rhymes ringing in his head, "walked calmly onward evermore." We have hardly had time to relax after *The Isles of Greece*, when a second volume calls us from our sweet half-hours with the amiable minstrels of the day to nights of dignified solace. *Daphne and Other Poems*, though not openly confessing itself a continuation, has so much in common with its predecessor in spirit, construction, and cadence, that the critic finds himself half-unconsciously repeating the opinions which he formed last autumn.

We naturally, though with little reason, set up a comparison between the poet and his brother, and frequently find ourselves searching for parallelisms in thought and method. Mr. Frederick Tennyson cannot, however, be grouped among the professed exponents of the Laureate's art. He cannot live altogether outside the influences which have acted and interacted on the three brothers, but he has nevertheless a strong individuality. Indeed, during the long period between the publication of *Days and Hours* and his recent volumes he has strayed further from the Tennysonian fold. He has developed the philosophic bent of mind which has always predominated, and which has dulled in some degree his artistic sense and poetic fervour.

His Greek subjects are treated in a diffuse way, unrecognisable in his early work, and hardly to be expected from a scholar-poet. Herein is the radical difference between him and the singer of the "Lotos Eaters" or the author of "Empedocles." There is no restraint, and consequently little artistic coherence; the tears of Niobe are an overflowing stream of introspective grief, and the miles in Atlantis are wearily long. The reader's attention is taxed over-much, to the hurt of many fine passages of emotion and natural description which lie embedded in the verse. Mr. Tennyson has kinship rather with Wordsworth in his longer poems, where the "poetry" is strewn like oases in a weary land of philosophical theory. True, we enjoy the greenery after our long stages; but at each starting-out we think of that "pleasant place to wander in" which we should have, were all these happy spots gathered together this side of the Great Plain. This diffuseness not only mars the pleasure-giving power of the poems, but seriously affects the claim to be considered as Greek art. We have tantalising peeps into the palace-gardens of Hellas, but we have none of the old spirit. His *Æsons* and *Pygmalsions* are distraught with nineteenth-century perplexities. When he answers the cry "My life is empty" in the splendid passage, concluding

"Oh! what a mighty host
Is there, whose hearts, and heads, and hands
Are smit with palsy, and they know it not,"

he epitomises the soul-stirrings of Mrs. Ward's hero. Psyche herself might be Catherine: the self-analysis of *Hesperia* never troubled maidens, poetic or otherwise, till *Allion Peto* was written. In the latter portion of

the volume there is a strange admixture of Christian symbol—seven-branched candlesticks, rich vestments, and the wreath of thorns—and also of Christian thought, as when Niobe is comforted by a voice, "Daughter, be of good cheer, for none are lost," or when the bereaved mother cries—"but I shall see them yet." The reader will not be long in finding out how the poet has wandered from his original artistic motif, and he will not be willing to find an analogy between "Daphne" and such as the "Shepherd's Calendar," where contemporary life lives reasonably under the mantle of *Thenot* and *Hobbinoll*. He will call to mind the Laureate's lines—

"Nay, nay," said Hall,
'Why take the style of these heroic times? . . .
These twelve books of mine
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth.'"

Mr. Tennyson has, as already hinted, become even more of a metaphysician than he was in the story of *Sappho* and *Alcaeus*. He does not confine himself to his cherished doctrine of patience or of the continuing power of evil after death, but launches with energy into the more scholastic problems of "the infinite dual of the Highest One," gives us a disquisition by *Cupid* on the doctrine of sex, and descants like a university professor on freedom and immortality. We should be loath to lose these vigorous and stimulating passages, but they do not fit in with settings such as this:—

"And lo! on one hand
The pillar'd front of dread Latona's shrine;
The marble stair throng'd with the votaries
Bearing their offerings; and the long-robed priests
Enter'd before, hymning a sacred song,
And vanish'd in the temple's dim retreats,
Shaking their thuribles, amid the fumes
Of odours, and the breath of orisons.
And, while they passed, and the last note was
heard

Dying amid the incense, the great doors
Closed with a brazen clang; and, when it hush'd,
A thunder spoke beyond the purple hills."

So, too, we should not care to go without the dantesque pictures in "King Athamas" or the scene in the winding stair of the mediaeval castle in "Hesperia," though we feel that they are artistically out of place.

The poet's power of transcribing natural effects is still true, and his sense of colour has lost none of its freshness or delicacy.

"They heard the big plum tumble from its perch,
And hide itself amid the turf and bells,
That, bending o'er it, kept intact and fresh
Its bloom, pure dew of tenderest pearly clouds
Shed down ere sunrise; till the blackbird's eye,
Piercing the woof of wavering herbage, saw
A thirsty sunbeam light upon his prize,
And ceased his song to pierce its ruby heart."

"Aeson" is the most stimulating piece in the volume; "Atlantis" contains the least of the unpoetical alloy. "Hesperia" proves Mr. Tennyson a good story-teller, for few recent writers have excelled the tale of the soldier or of the merchant,

"spinning from his face
A dizzying mist of fable and of truth,
And with a hovering mystery on his tongue,
As one who could pour forth a hundred tales
In one brief afternoon; his memory
A vase, that gush'd forth water mix'd with wine,
And sometimes water only, though it took
A golden lustre from his sunny looks."

As a character-sketch this poem is his best; in its directness it is the counterpart of the mystic verses on "Psyche."

The blank verse flows unceasingly onwards with its wonted calm and melody, with here and there a jaggedness or a rhyme as if to rouse the reader from "falling asleep in a half-dream." The poet, too, has not forgotten his mannerisms, his love of quaint words as "pleached," of doubtful forms as "viny," and of the too-handly dissyllable, "selfsame." He still delights in "maymorn," "fullsoon," and other hyphenless compounds, which even Dr. Murray, we fear, may refuse to place in his collection of eccentricities. Nevertheless, despite all artistic shortcomings, great or small, we take leave of the venerable poet, acknowledging that he has both pleased and stimulated, and that, if at times we have grown weary and would have turned aside, a lurking hope of some pleasure to come has bid us stay, and has never failed of its reward.

G. GREGORY SMITH.

Backward Glances. By James Hedderwick. (Blackwood.)

MR. HEDDERWICK, who appears, from what he hints rather than says directly, to be some three years or so younger than Mr. Gladstone, has evidently intended this volume of personal recollections for the delectation mainly of his Scotch friends. They, it may safely be assumed, will find thoroughly readable what he has to say of the Glasgow and Edinburgh of what now appears a remote past. He does not attempt to be impressive, elaborately realistic, epigrammatic, or even vivid, after the manner of most contributors to literature of the "Reminiscences" order. He writes naturally—or, at least, what used to be considered as naturally in his younger days. There is what seems old-fashioned courtliness in his eulogiums on the distinguished men with whom he happens to have personally or professionally come in contact. But it sits easily upon him. Moreover, Mr. Hedderwick does not, like so many men who have reached, or are verging on, eighty, take a pessimistic or ultra-conservative view of present day progress. He is no *laudatur temporis acti*, at all events to an offensive extent, or in a controversial way. As a matter of fact, however, he does not deal much in personal or other contrasts, or even comparisons. He merely takes note of the changes that have taken place in the course of a busy journalist's life, spent chiefly in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Of Glasgow in particular, which is his native place, and in which since 1864 he has conducted with success the *Evening Citizen*, the first halfpenny evening newspaper published in any large city in the United Kingdom, he writes gracefully and sympathetically:

"On all sides I behold busy and eager thoroughfares where I rambled erewhile among verdant fields. I pause at the head of Queen-street and hear the shriek of steam whistles instead of the cawing of rooks. Have the innocent sheep that were wont peacefully to graze in St. Enoch-square been frightened away by the continual clatter of cabs? Jamaica-street is all day in a roar with traffic, and I muse on the disappearance of the grass which grew between the stones. I stare at St. George's Church as

a leading business centre—the Stock Exchange is close to it—and think of a friend lately deceased who gathered blackberries at the digging of its foundation. . . . In no part of Glasgow was there a cab-stand; city omnibuses or cars were non-existent; the private carriages of the gentry and the doctors might be counted on the ten fingers. When darkness closed over the town it became feebly illumined with blinking oil lamps; the night-watchmen or 'Charlies' dozed in wooden boxes at certain street corners, sounded their clappers along their beats and underneath our windows on the occasion of a fire or a row, and bawled out at intervals the hour and the state of the weather—such as 'Half-past three and a fine morning!'—until the day-star rose in the heavens and the cocks began to crow on neighbouring farms."

It is in this spirit—in a sense these sentences are an epitome of his book—that Mr. Hedderwick writes his reminiscences; and it is on account of this spirit that they will be enjoyed by that Scotch public for which, in the first instance at all events, they have been published.

This volume, which is arranged in short easily read chapters, is also notable for the number of anecdotes of more than average excellence which it contains. Mr. Hedderwick is old enough to have seen Sir Walter Scott limping down the High Street of Edinburgh and yawning over his work as one of the clerks of the Court of Session, to have dined with W. J. Fox, the ex-preacher and member for Oldham, and to have been subjected to an excruciating course of puns by Douglas Jerrold. In Glasgow he saw Thackeray and Dickens when they were in their prime, Edmund and Charles Kean, Miss Helen Faucit, Professor Wilson, Lord Cockburn—the Lord Cockburn, who declared "I would as soon cut down a burgess without a fair trial and a verdict as cut down a burgh tree." Francis Jeffrey, Macaulay, Charles Maclaren (geologist and editor), Sir Daniel Macnee (portrait-painter and table-wit), Norman Macleod (cleric and humourist), Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone, are a few among the many that Mr. Hedderwick has something fresh and, as a rule, personal to tell. His stories must be sought for in his book, however. They are no more to be criticised than blanc-mange.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Spain and Morocco: Studies in Local Colour. By Henry T. Finck. (Percival.)

THE author of these studies is, on the face of them, no artist, so that their title is unfortunate. They are rather a collection of well cut slips from photographs, neatly arranged, with the interstices filled in with pen and ink. Whatever talent the author may possess, would, from internal evidence, appear to be musical, for his epithets are eked out by "marks of expression."

It is a pity that Morocco should have been included in the title, for we are expressly told, what we might have observed, that "the subject of this book is Spain." Likewise, on the principle of inoculation, it would seem, to justify the assertion, "I am not writing a guide-book," the author has evidently taken copious doses of the incomparable Forde, of Borrow, Gautier, Irving, Hare, de Amicis, &c., to prevent worse evils.

He has, however, mistaken the exotic for the native, and has recorded his impressions before shaking off the borrowed hues. A good word is nevertheless due to Mr. Finck for his general acknowledgment of indebtedness, while he is sharp enough to detect plagiarisms on the part of Augustus Hare and others. Let me, however, absolve them from one of his charges. He fancies they all derived the comparison of the Mosque of Córdoba to a marble forest from Gautier. Before I had read a line from any of these worthies, writing on "The Footprints of the Moors in Spain" in *The Times of Morocco*, I had asked who but a nation dwelling among groves of palms could have devised such a style of architecture, the very reproduction in cold stone of nature's temples. Mr. Finck, however, thinks the comparison uncalled for.

As a rough sketch of Spain, as seen by the passing traveller, touched in with no descriptive force, this volume is above the average. The preface opens with an able apology—the only one possible—for "a tourist . . . writing a book on two vast countries like Spain and Morocco, after a flying visit of barely two months"—viz., that "What is most novel, characteristic, and romantic in a foreign country strikes us most vividly at the beginning, and gradually loses its fascination as daily repetition makes it seem normal." Of the true artist, keen for everything artistic or betraying character, this is not the fate. Forde, who added to the artist's eye the student's mind, has left a "Hand-book" to become a classic. It is a matter of deep regret that, ever since the publication of the first two-volume edition of that work, Mr. Murray has yielded to the exigencies of the superficial tourist, hacking and mutilating—or rather allowing others to do so—till its present condition is little more than a caricature of the original. It is a comfort to know that at the hands of Mr. Houghton, a well-known Madrid journalist, some justice is being attempted for the next issue.

Mr. Finck saw a good deal of Spain, but nothing extraordinary; and he actually omitted Valladolid, and Saragossa—that modern Ephesus with its worship of the *Pilar*. And he even forgot to visit the world-famed Escorial, with its lovely marble mausolea; and when in Madrid he had no word of praise for the Prado. For width and shade I know nothing to surpass this promenade in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna. It is well that its picture gallery is noticed, though comparatively little known; for Murillo, Velasquez, and even Titian may there be studied better than in Dresden, Munich, or Brussels, so far as I have been able to judge. The streets of Madrid are neither so rough, nor are the Spanish railways so bad, as they have been painted; the fault of the one being the hardness of the excellent paving, and that of the other the lack of speed. To appreciate duly the Giralda of Seville one must have seen the complete sister tower at Marrakesh,* or at least the third at Rabat. In discussing the Moorish remains, the writer is quite at sea, preferring the tawdry modern finery of the Seville

* Often misnamed Morocco City.

palace, and the gaudy "restorations" at Granada, to the genuine Mauresques by their side. The present "coro" of the Córdoba Cathedral stands in the inner courtyard of the Mosque, so it is not likely that many pillars have been removed.

The description of English influence on the fashions of Madrid is true; but the writer does not seem to be aware that to keep up that semblance of wealth which he observes outside much pinching goes on within, and that many who drive in a carriage and pair dine at home on boiled pork and chick-peas. But he is right in describing the Spaniards as being little addicted to drunkenness; they have a saying, when they mean to indulge in a bout, "I won't leave my share to the English." One of the most entertaining articles I ever read in the *Epoca* was an account of the English temperance movement, treated much as some strange custom of the Cannibal Islands might have been by *The Times*. The idea of curing Spaniards of bull-baiting by representing that sport in its true light, as cowardly and unsportsmanlike, is good, for no other argument would carry weight. The democratic cafés are indeed a striking sight in Spain; but Mr. Finck need not have depreciated their coffee, as it rivals that of France, Italy, or Switzerland, for the simple reason that the same cosmopolitan caterers brew it. The introduction of French cookery in the hotels is lamentable, but may be avoided by choosing cheaper places more frequented by natives; and Spanish cooking is good when the initial repugnance to garlic and rancid oil are overcome. *Experientia me docuit*. But the Spanish postal service! No name can be too bad for that, as to which I have a similar authority, and would that I could make that maw disgorge! The *Levanter*, as its name implies, is an Eastern wind, and not an African; but it does blow.

Such portion of this book as deals with Morocco deserves scant notice, for the writer only peeped at Tangier and Tetuan. He was greatly mistaken about the heat there in summer, which, unlike that of Algeria, seldom rises above 75° F. in the shade; but he did well to notice the extensive Flora. I once counted over sixty varieties from the saddle between those two towns. The guide-book vaccine growing weaker here, descriptions improve, though errors increase, and this is noticeable on the whole of the return journey. Most who visit Morocco do so in blissful ignorance, and, imagining no one to be so wise as they, forthwith publish another "work" at their own expense. This has brought the number of books on that country to between twelve and thirteen hundred, of which nearly three hundred are in English. The task of reviewing nearly fifty of these, in various languages, has rendered me rather cynical as to the powers of these passing travellers. Yet there is no country more in need of a standard description than that Empire of the Shereefs.

Spain and Morocco is another of these American printed volumes in English type, with its "gayly," "labor," "row-boats," "stoops," "back-side of the house," &c. Its saving clause is an index. There are

several attempts at witticism; but the best literary portion is the account of the ride by coach and *tartana* on the Eastern coast, which vividly recalls to me a similar experience in Central Spain.

J. E. BUDGETT MEAKIN.

Notes on Men, Women, and Books. By Lady Wilde. (Ward & Downey.)

LADY WILDE presents here her "first series" of "selected essays." Into how many series the selection is to run she does not tell us, nor does it appear what regions of human and literary interest she means us hereafter to explore or re-explore under her guidance. These now offered are sufficiently varied. At the beginning of the volume Jean Paul Richter is discussed; at the end Charles Kean as King Richard. Here is an essay on George Eliot, and next to it one on Daniel O'Connell. Fiction is further treated in papers on Lord Lytton and Disraeli, and poetry in discourses on Tennyson, Wordsworth, Philip James Bailey, and Thomas Moore. No information is furnished as to the date or place of original publication of these papers: an omission occasionally inconvenient, as it might explain and partly excuse certain peculiarities which occur here and there—for example, why *Middlemarch* is considered only up to the end of the second volume, the review breaking off suddenly with the words, "We leave the reader to study the concluding volume, that will give an answer as to the final result." The re-publication of magazine articles, as such, is not necessarily to be condemned; and the issue in volume-form on their own merits of essays which have been printed in magazines is also proper enough. But magazine articles should hardly be made to do service as essays in the comparatively permanent form of a volume without being duly amended to suit their new rank and bring them up to date. Even calling them "notes" does not suffice.

Many of the papers in Lady Wilde's volume would have been well worth the trouble; but the process would have proved fatal to two or three—to the essays on Wordsworth and Tennyson, for example. For these are no more than book-reviews of that primitive and simple kind which consists of many quotations and a running commentary, with no serious attempt at either analysis or criticism. The essay on Leigh Hunt is fuller, but hardly satisfying—is a study of Leigh Hunt, in some measure worthy of the man, never to be written? Lady Wilde is good at narrative. She chooses and arranges her incidents to great advantage. The paper on Jean Paul Richter and that on Lady Blessington are of this description, and are among the best in the book. Of the two, the former is the more serious and careful study, and it is supplemented by well-selected passages from Richter's writings. The story of Vanessa and Stella, also, is told cleverly. That the version adopted by Lady Wilde of that mysterious passage in Swift's history has not been proved correct goes without the saying, for no version has yet been proved

or even generally adopted. Doubts, however, are not permitted to mar her narrative, which is given with all the force of unquestioned fact in Lady Wilde's picturesque style. Here, again, a footnote to the effect that "this must be read as romance, not as verified history," might have been useful, to save some unsophisticated readers from going astray, and possibly wasting their tears and sympathy on the wrong persons.

Picturesque narrative rather than criticism is, indeed, Lady Wilde's strong point. Nevertheless, there is some clever, if one-sided, criticism in the paper on George Eliot, or rather on George Eliot as seen in *Middlemarch*. Lady Wilde does not admire George Eliot. She says of her that she "abounds in commonplaces, delivered in language of oracular obscurity, as if they were deep truths brought to the surface for the first time." "Often in the effort to seem wise, she attained only to being dull." "She is determined on teaching, and will interrupt a loved scene with a disquisition on the return of the Jews or the appearance of infusoria under the microscope" (p. 171). The most favourable opinion Lady Wilde can offer about George Eliot is that she has "a keen insight into ordinary human life and commonplace natures; some humour, a strong trenchant way of describing what lies on a certain low social level, and a sharp, rough power of sarcasm." But she is "vulgar," and this is fatal. It is "coarse" for the rector's wife in *Middlemarch* to describe Mr. Casaubon as "a great bladder for dried peas to rattle in," and to say "some people never know vinegar from wine till they have swallowed it and got the colic." It is "vulgar" to make a fox-hunter say "By God" when he might have been made to say "By Jove," which is, Lady Wilde thinks, "at least harmless." That writers of fiction should before all else be true to the human nature they profess to depict is a consideration not entertained by Lady Wilde. If fox-hunters are in the habit of saying "By God," and not "By Jove"—and it is likely they prefer strong Saxon to "classic allusions" however "harmless"—George Eliot was right in thus presenting the case, even at the risk of being charged with coarseness.

Lady Wilde's ideal novelist is a very different person in all respects from George Eliot—namely, Lord Lytton. According to Lady Wilde, *Kenelm Chillingley*, the work of which she specially speaks, is

"filled to overflowing with epigram, genial humour, and polished sarcasm; profound reflections over life and lofty aspirations towards the highest good, with mocking aphorisms that show the hollowness of modern social life, and satire keen and flashing as the spear of Ithuriel, where shams and falsehood are to be unmasked. Every thought is philosophy, every word is gold" (p. 205).

This is saying a good deal, but it is not all. Wonderful also is the form in which Lord Lytton's wonderful thoughts are clothed:

"All the graces of classical style, the riches of modern culture, and the glowing passion which genius alone possesses and radiates, are found united in the wonderful golden flow of Lord Lytton's eloquence" (p. 205).

In phrase equally rapturous the man himself is celebrated :

"This man knew all life, was versed in all knowledge, dowered with every gift, crowned with all the splendour of fame" (p. 212).

If Lord Lytton had ever been privileged to read these words, he should surely have reassured us, after the manner attributed variously to Louis XIV. and to a Scottish Bailie : "You must remember that I, too, am mortal."

Next to Lytton, in Lady Wilde's estimation, comes Disraeli, for she declares that among the male novelists of the day "this age crowns two at least with immortality—Bulwer and Disraeli." Thackeray, whom she mentions incidentally in her paper on Lady Blessington, is no favourite. She describes him as "the caustic satirist of women, the harsh denouncer of their follies, the author whose name above all others is hateful to the sex." Obviously she does not understand him; but her remark is the more curious because her own opinion of women is far from elevated. Like Jean Paul Richter's Lenette, she decries learning in her sex. If it were true, which of course it is not, that Thackeray's theory of women is expressed in the formula—"all clever women are wicked and all good women are fools," the sentiment would not be worse than that expressed by Lady Wilde herself in this manner :—

"Women are very pretty story-tellers, but they are only good writers through sympathy and love. They should know the range of their limited mental powers and keep within it if they wish to interest. An affectation of learning spoils them, because it is never more than an affectation; no woman is really learned. . . . The great charm of the sex is in that light superficiality which gives sympathy so readily, believes everything through love, and seeks no grounds for belief beyond faith in the one beloved" (p. 175).

The outlook for literary women is, on Lady Wilde's showing, far from bright; for while "men are continually adding names to literature that will last for all time—women never." The best that can be hoped is that

"the fragrance distilled from the glowing feelings, crushed lives, and perhaps broken hearts of literary women, may refresh a few idle hours of man's more earnest life. It is enough: the world asks no more from them than to amuse or soften through sympathy the powerful ruling race for whom woman was created only to be the helpmeet" (p. 176).

Here, again, a note of the date when these words were first written would be useful. In view of recent achievements of women in things learned the sentiments seem a little antiquated. But whenever written, they are an exaggeration. The "great charm" of Mr. Somerville, for example, was assuredly not "light superficiality"; and she is a refutation of the assertion that "no woman is really learned." As to literary immortality, we do not presume to speak for time and for the present age with the confidence of Lady Wilde; but there is not much risk in saying that the chances of permanent fame are quite as great for, say, Charlotte Brontë as they are for Lord Lytton, while if Disraeli, the novelist, is to

be remembered, it will surely be because he was Disraeli the statesman as well.

Notwithstanding this and other crude judgments to which we have called attention, we are of opinion Lady Wilde's own work is better than her theory, and in some degree refutes it. The quotations we have had occasion to give, if treated as specimens, do it less than justice. They must be taken with others, such as :

"Stong nations fight, oppressed nations sing; and thus, not with armies and fleets, but with the passionate storm of lyric words, have the Irish people kept up for centuries their ceaseless war against alien rule" (p. 221).

"Leigh Hunt, though accepting the necessity of the age and content to write for the passing hour, yet threw vitality into all he touched, incarnated some portion of his nature, and sent forth nothing to the public that did not tend to make it wiser and better" (p. 241).

"Amongst the wits came Charles Lamb—he who met you with laughter and so often left you weeping; the strangest compound nature ever formed out of genius and a tragic destiny" (p. 236).

"What have we that is not bought with suffering? by lives that toil on in darkness and gloom to hew out for others the elements of heat and life. World-saviours and light-bringers are all doomed, like the workers at the Gobelins tapestry, to work a life-long ever at the bright threads, but at the back of the picture, never seeing the result, never hearing the praise" (p. 343).

Passages like these, of which there are many, are well calculated to "charm," though they cannot be fairly described as lightly superficial.

WALTER LEWIN.

The Life and Doctrines of Jacob Boehme. By Franz Hartmann. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

ENGLISH works on Jacob Boehme, or translations of his writings, have lately followed one another in quick succession. Not to mention articles that have appeared in periodicals, and periodicals almost wholly devoted to his writings or to those of his fellow mystics, we have before us five volumes published since 1885, and there are probably others that we have not seen. Nor is this movement confined to England alone; it is evident also in Denmark, Germany, and France.

The composition of this present volume irresistibly reminds us of a favourite recipe for writing essays at Oxford. The plan was to take any huge folio *de omni scibili* which nobody ever reads, such as Puffendorf's *On the Law of Nature and Nations*, which gives full references and quotations from the Classics in the notes; a wordy paraphrase, or gloss of the text, was next made; and the original note, which in Greek letters or between marks of quotation took up a large space on the MS., was then adduced in confirmation of our reasoning, "with this agrees Aristotle" or "so saith Cicero." There were few themes given for college essays which could not thus be treated. In the same fashion Dr. Hartmann here treats Boehme's writings. He throughout gives his own paraphrase. He first dilutes Boehme's text with the water of Buddhistic theosophy and the occult

science, and then quotes him as the authority for what he has said. In this way poor Boehme is made responsible for doctrines which his soul would have abhorred—e.g., "Whether we call them [the angels] by those names, or whether we adopt the names by which they are called in other theologies, will be of no consequence, and not alter the fact that such powers exist." Boehme! who believed in the magic power of names and letters; and that the true name and the thing were identical!

If we consider only those parts of his writings which Boehme has in common with other Christian mystics, it is easy to form a catena of passages of singular beauty and truth. No other mystic, neither St. Bernard, nor Thomas à Kempis, nor Luis de Granada, nor Santa Theresa, has written passages of greater nobility than he has done. We may find, too, in his works much that is common to a wider range, such as Philo, the Christian mystics of Alexandria, the Buddhists, and even some of the Mahomedan mystics. He is, so to speak, far more catholic than Bunyan, the only writer who in genius and circumstances can be compared with him. Bunyan never freed himself from the trammels of his Calvinistic theology; and yet we must deem his works, both as a whole, and especially *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by the consent of all, incomparably beyond anything that Boehme has achieved.

The reason is evident. Bunyan wrote only of what he knew; he attempted merely to put into allegorical narrative what had taken place in his own experience, moulded by the views he had been taught, and enriched with facts within his own observation. He did not aim at a building up of a theology, but only to set forth in allegory the history of the salvation of a human soul. Boehme, with little more real knowledge, with only the very faintest smattering of false science, attempted far more. He tried to build up not only a theology, but a cosmogony, out of his own experiences or dreams. In his method of doing it he shows that he was not in advance of his age, but behind it. Of his genius, of his exalted piety, and of the purity of his life and motives, there can be no doubt. But his astronomy was the astronomy of the astrologers and of the vulgar. His natural philosophy and his chemistry were the natural philosophy and the chemistry of the alchemists. To him the sun was the centre of the universe, the stars far inferior in importance and deriving their light from it, the moon far higher than the planets; every man had an astral soul, and was governed by astral influences. There were to him only four elements. Salt, sulphur, mercury have occult and spiritual as well as natural qualities, and are direct emanations from, if indeed they do not exist in, the essence of the divinity. He believed in the power and virtue of certain names and signs as in witchcraft. The signs of the seven properties or qualities of eternal nature, which head cap iii., are taken from the Almanacs, and arranged after the manner of such formulæ in witchcraft (cf., the Sator-Arepe formula); the first three to be read forwards, the fourth between them, a circle, which

can be read either way, and the last three identical with the first, but to be read backwards (*cf.*, p. 71). His main doctrine is that man, the microcosm, contains within himself the macrocosm of the universe. The duality which he sees in man he sees also in the divine essence, but he is not consistent in his explanation of it. The system too, if system it can be called, is full of contradictions, and Boehme acknowledges this; he often says that in his earlier writings he did not understand the truths revealed to him, nor explain them as he did in his later works. Yet his followers compound and mix them all together. Dr. Hartmann, however, we must confess, is far more consistent than many others who adopt only what agrees with their religious views, or with their metaphysics. He apparently (we beg his pardon if we misinterpret his obscure hints) does believe in the occult doctrine, in astral and other influences; he holds strongly the doctrine of the microcosm and macrocosm, and that the only way to truth is for man to recognise the macrocosm, *i.e.*, God within himself, and his own vast powers. As we said before, all this is mixed up with thoughts of singular beauty, with some of which religious men of all schools, with others the most orthodox Christians will agree; and these we may appreciate at their full worth. But our author, like the adepts of many another mystical school, will have us swallow the whole, or none at all.

"It is perfectly useless," he says (p. 101), "to attempt to enter into theoretical speculations for the purpose of trying to find out whether or not the doctrines of Jacob Boehme in regard to that which transcends the reasoning power of man are true."

We either perceive it or we do not, there is no middle course.

We cannot ourselves read like this. There may be some students who can digest everything; we seek to choose the best and what we can understand, and are content if we can assimilate that.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

Patience Holt. By Georgina M. Craik. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Miss Wentworth's Idea. By W. E. Norris. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Amethyst. By Christabel R. Coleridge. In 2 vols. (Innes & Co.)

Recalled to Life. By Grant Allen. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

The Redemption of Edward Strahan. By W. J. Dawson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Scarlet Fortune. By Henry Herman. (Trischler.)

A Great Gulf Fixed. By H. L. Havell. (Reading: William Smith.)

If *Patience Holt* were Miss Craik's first venture in fiction, it would be exposed to some criticism that, as circumstances now stand, would be valueless. The writer has long ago taken a line of her own, which has found a certain degree of favour among readers; and the question whether it is the

best that could have been chosen is no longer open to discussion. Miss Craik's merits are, in the first place, a marvellous directness and simplicity of style; and, secondly, a singular aptitude for study of character. Her chief fault is a tendency to dwell too long and too elaborately over her portraits. *Patience Holt* has some decidedly good points. The father of *Patience*, a Quaker by birth, is a man of eminent worth and respectability, with a mind cast in the narrowest and most conventional of moulds, to whom the possession of a daughter exhibiting a number of fantastic and even impish elements in her character is humorously described as being the source of continual shocks almost amounting to horror. When *Patience* has developed into an imaginative and highly strung, but rather petulant, young woman, the family make the acquaintance of a charming old country gentleman named Wharton, whose only son Ralph is a young man of imperfect education and hopelessly boorish manners. Much credit must be given to the writer for the aptness with which these characters are sketched; at the same time it is possible to have too much of a good thing. The same situations recur with wearisome frequency; and after *Patience* has for about the twentieth time exhibited her skill in snubbing and mortifying the loutish creature who is first her lover and afterwards her husband, the most devoted admirer of Miss Craik's writings will hardly be able to deny that things get a trifle monotonous. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the tale will be more enjoyed by women than by men; being, in fact, constructed on lines which have become exceedingly popular of late among lady novelists. The weak-minded, or immoral, or stupid hero, whose business it is to serve as a foil for the superior virtue or intelligence of the girl who marries him, has become quite a common feature in latter-day fiction, though we do not remember to have anywhere encountered such a specimen of unqualified stupidity and ignorance as the creature who finally becomes *Patience Holt's* husband.

Only a small portion of *Miss Wentworth's Idea* is occupied with the actual idea entertained by Miss Wentworth herself, which is the familiar one—in novels—of devoting life and fortune to the service of humanity and religion, under the guidance, in this case, of that popular preacher and eminent Christian Socialist, the Hon. and Rev. Ernest Compton, founder of the guild of S. Francis. The bulk of the narrative has reference to Miss Wentworth's niece, Sylvia, who creates a tremendous flutter in the family circle by insisting on falling in love with Sir Harry Brewster, whose wife has lately divorced him under circumstances exceptionally nauseous and disreputable. The book may be briefly described as a society novel, of the kind which, in regard to scene, fluctuates between Mayfair, country mansions, and Monte Carlo, as, in style, epigrammatic and mildly cynical, and as plentifully stocked with the badinage of the clubs and gossip of the boudoir. Mr. Norris is well enough provided with the qualities requisite for writing of this kind. He is scarcely ever either deep or pathetic;

but he can draw sharply defined characters, and can enliven his writing with plenty of good-humoured satire. And it may be added that his book is throughout unexceptionable in tone—not a compliment which can often be paid to fiction of this class.

Amethyst is also a society novel, at least in so far as no characters in its pages are below the rank of "county people"; and if an impoverished family does figure prominently throughout, it is at all events a titled one. However, the writer can tell a story well; and her descriptions, if transferred to middle-class life, would be quite as interesting. *Amethyst* is the daughter of Lord Haredale, who has made ducks and drakes of the family property and reduced his wife and daughters to a state of genteel beggary, involving the usual embarrassments and humiliating shifts. Some rather realistic descriptions of the ways and doings of fast society might perhaps with advantage have been omitted; but the tale has many compensating merits. The struggles of *Amethyst* and her sister Una towards a higher life amid a multitude of grosser temptations are told with a high degree of nervous power, and remarkable temperateness as regards expression of religious views. *Amethyst's* four proposals, and two love affairs in which Una is the principal figure, contribute sufficiency of the romantic element; while the intrepid cheerfulness and ingenious candour of Lady Haredale in her struggle to maintain decent appearances are an amusing feature throughout. The end of the book is in many respects deeply pathetic.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Grant Allen's writings can hardly fail to have noticed the versatility of his genius. It was but the other day that we saw him successful in fiction of an essentially superficial and popular type; he can delight us when he chooses with highly finished character studies and descriptive matter of rare excellence; and now we find him taking for his subject a psychological problem and dealing with it in a manner which, if not exactly perfect as an artistic effort, is at all events precisely in keeping with the general tenor of the series to which it is a contribution. Whether the sight of a father lying dead before her eyes, shot through the heart, could possibly deprive a woman of all memory of past events and leave her mind a complete blank, except for the ever-present image of the dead man lying before her and the supposed murderer escaping through the window, is a problem which need scarcely be discussed. It is the starting-point of the present novel; and the successive developments, which culminate in the patient's mental restoration, together with her discovery of the real circumstances of the murder, are related with considerable ingenuity. At the same time, although the interest is sustained throughout, the book leaves something to be desired in respect of treatment. Mr. Allen is adopting the style which was handled so successfully by Wilkie Collins, and he must submit to a comparison with the latter. The plot is exactly of the sort that Wilkie Collins

would have delighted in; but he would have described to us much more fully and completely than Mr. Allen has done the mechanism of the automatic photographing apparatus which recorded the various stages of the murder. Nor, however great the necessity for mystification might have been, would he have resorted to such a burlesque device as the incident of an elderly lady scrambling over a garden wall, with broken bottle-glass stuck along the top, in order that the scratches on her hands might direct suspicion of the murder towards her.

In *The Redemption of Edward Strahan* we have a book of more than ordinary merit dealing with the social question. The writer's previous efforts seem to have been chiefly in the direction of essay writing, and the hand of the essayist is discernible throughout the present work; nevertheless, the personal element claims a fair share of interest. Starting in life in the humble capacity of grocer's assistant in a country town, where the monotony of existence gives his better nature no scope for action, Edward Strahan finds his way to London, where his character, impressionable and impulsive, but capable of great intensity, finds at last its truest expression in a life of devotion to humanity. The influences that affect his career—especially the influences exercised by women—are described with skill. The writer treats familiar topics with lively freshness; and his book is thoughtful and stimulating throughout, even though, as is inevitable, the problem is almost as far from being solved at the end as at the beginning. Many of the other characters in the book are creditably executed, especially Mary Messenger, who finally becomes Strahan's wife, and Alice Tight, an "intellectual Ishmaelite," of whose subsequent history one would have liked to hear a little more than the author has told us.

"A Yankee yarn" is perhaps as suitable a phrase as any for describing Mr. Herman's book. Two murderous ruffians prospecting for gold in the Rocky Mountains, a backwoods beauty, daughter of the elder ruffian, and an English Earl—at least he becomes an Earl before the end of the story—appear in the opening scene. Lucy (the beauty), falling in love with the Earl at sight, saves him from being murdered at the hands of her father, whom, together with his villainous partner, she abjures, and forthwith engages herself as nurse to the Earl, whose injuries have resulted in total loss of memory. Several years afterwards the ruffians, having amassed fabulous quantities of gold, appear in London and become the lions of the season. The Earl also appears, and puts up with Lucy at Claridge's Hotel. They have been living together now for some years; but as it is explained that they are only living as brother and sister, the circumstance seems to have provoked little or no remark. The ruffians plot to blow up the Earl, and for this purpose construct a tunnel under his residence, but are unfortunately blown up themselves. Then the Earl, having recovered his memory, marries Lucy, and the yarn is complete. It is entitled *Scarlet Fortune*, but no particular reason seems to exist for the name, and any other would have done as well.

Mr. Havell need scarcely have been at the trouble to preface his book with an elaborate apology for sending it forth upon the world. *A Great Gulf Fixed* is neither better nor worse than the average run of shockers, and the fact that its aim is to expose the iniquity of sending rotten ships to sea is no particular objection to it. The most distinctive feature of the story is its extreme brevity, which excludes it from any claim to an extended notice.

JOHN BARROW ALLEN.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Little Manx Nation. By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.) The contents of this pleasant little volume consist of the three lectures delivered by Mr. Hall Caine at the Royal Institution in the spring of the present year. It has been so often remarked that success upon the platform is incompatible with success in the study—that the speech, address, or lecture which is admirable when delivered cannot possibly be admirable when read—that people in general have lazily accepted the repeated criticism without caring to ask whether it has any justification in common experience. As a matter of fact such justification is altogether wanting. Even such entirely extemporaneous utterances as the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon, and the lectures of the late George Dawson, make admirable literature of its kind; while the platform discourses of Carlyle, Emerson, and Thackeray, which were written to be heard, are not one whit inferior to their other work which was written to be read. Mr. Hall Caine's talks about the scenery, the history, the celebrities, and the superstitions of his "tight little island" must have been very pleasant to listen to, but they will hardly be found less pleasant by those who make their acquaintance for the first time in these pages. Here and there the rhetoric may be a little too garish for the fierce light that beats upon type. Had Mr. Hall Caine been writing for the printer simply, he would probably have toned down the exuberant passage in which he thanks God that he did not witness the triumphal return of the Duke of Athol to the island he had misgoverned, because, had he been alive to see it he would have "shrieked with laughter"; nor would he have indulged in that very Tupperian contribution to proverbial philosophy, "a woman's good name is the silver thread that runs through the pearl chain of her virtues." Such things as these are, however, of infrequent occurrence; and it is probable that on the whole the book would have gained little and lost much had Mr. Caine gone over its pages with the revising pen in hand and the image of the critical purist in his mind's eye. If we are to accept Sydney Smith's dictum that all styles are good except the tiresome, we must pronounce the style of *The Little Manx Nation* to be very good indeed, for tiresomeness is a vice into which the writer never deviates. The three lectures deal nominally with the stories of the Manx kings, the Manx bishops, and the Manx people; but without any appearance of irrelevance Mr. Hall Caine manages to range under one or other of his three heads every characteristic item of information likely to interest an alien audience. And such items are numerous; for the little island nation has an individuality of its own which lends itself very readily to literary treatment, especially to the treatment of one who has mastered the great art of telling a story. Of course Manxmen have much in common with other Celtic races, but they have various picturesque customs which are all their own. One of them, now a thing of the past, was specially curious.

"When a man died intestate, leaving no record of his debts, a creditor might establish a claim by going with the bishop to the grave of the dead man at midnight, stretching himself on it with face to heaven and a Bible on his breast, and then saying solemnly, 'I swear that So-and-so, who lies buried here, died in my debt by so much.' After that the debt was allowed.

Mr. Caine has some capital stories of the old wrecking and smuggling days, and not a few really fine descriptive passages, notably a very vivid and beautiful sketch of a night with the herring fishers, which is quite equal to the best things of its kind in *The Deemster* or *The Bondman*. The preparation of these lectures was a happy thought, and their publication was another; for the book will not only interest its readers, but will tempt many of them to explore for themselves some of the loveliest spots to be found in British isles. Those who know Manxland know that Mr. Hall Caine's enthusiasm is not without abundant justification.

Sports and Pastimes of Scotland, Historically Illustrated. By R. S. Fittis. (Alexander Gardner.) This is the kind of book which demands a lifetime of labour. To bring together in chronological arrangement an exhaustive list of notices of national sports, to trace each game or sport to its origin, comparing it with other popular sports, and clearing away the clouds of folk-lore and legend which, among such a people as the Scotch, surround it, were a Herculean feat. Strutt has performed it fairly well for England; but Mr. Fittis, following confessedly in his steps, has put together a good deal of compilation and much miscellaneous learning in these essays, while the conviction remains with the reader that a good deal more remains to be said by some painstaking antiquary on the sports and pastimes of Scotland. Some of the matter which Mr. Fittis has collected has already seen the light, and is of such a miscellaneous nature that it resembles Jack Horner's pie. It is pleasant to pick out a plum here and there, but the result is by no means satisfactory when the book is viewed as a history of sport. There is too much natural history in the author's chapters on wolves, wild cattle, and deer. Mr. Harting has made the history of our extinct quadrupeds his own. Wild sports proper, the chase and capture of wild animals, should have been discriminated from such merely conventional sports as golf and curling. There was no need in treating of racing as a Scotch sport to begin with the Olympic games and Hiero of Syracuse. On the other hand, Scotch sports *par excellence*—archery, the Highland games, and, of course, golf—are carefully handled. These chapters will please votaries of amusements never more popular, perhaps, than at present; and the book, so far as it goes, is a pleasant addition to the class of lounging literature so well represented in all Scotch country houses. Mr. Fittis ascribes the fabulous waterbolls, kelpies, and the "fanh," mysterious quadrupeds which terrify the superstitious, to the wild cattle and wolves which once were common in Scotland. It is a marvellous argument for the existence, scarcely in prehistoric days, of the reindeer in Britain to say "it should be remembered that the reindeer moss is still common in Scotland." That grouse disease existed so early as 1817 will be a surprise to many sportsmen, and yet Mr. Fittis establishes it. Scotch housewives will be glad to know how to preserve their fowls from foxes, and he extracts a memorable recipe for this purpose from Hector Boece. Antiquaries may care to remember that a duel once took place in the Meadows at Edinburgh between two archers, who shot at each other with the long bow so lately as 1791. It was remarked that the general adoption of the bow as a weapon for duellists would probably injure

the seconds as much, if not more, than the principals. A good many scraps of curious learning of this kind may be found in Mr. Fittis's pages. We notice that in his essay on curling he does not attempt to trace the origin of the fare traditionally eaten at dinner after a curling match—boiled beef and greens. He asserts, too, that cricket was known on the North Inch, Perth, so early as 1812. We can testify that the game was somewhat unfamiliar there even in 1845.

"THE ALL ENGLAND SERIES."—*Riding, and Riding for Ladies*. By W. Kerr. (Bell.) This is the best practical treatise on the subject we have come across, the author, Capt. Kerr, having thorough experience of horses in all parts of the world. He is wonderfully free from any prejudice; and though riding can never be taught in print, there are hints in the chapter on teaching the young rider which everyone who wishes to bring up his children in the right way as horsemen and horsewomen will find invaluable. On the subject of Riding for Ladies, Capt. Kerr is equally at home, and his readers will find every useful instruction down to the minutiae of the best dress and saddlery. His freedom from prejudice is shown by his standing out for the recent craze that a woman should adopt the man's seat, though he admits that the seat on the side saddle with a third crutch is the most secure. A sketch of a man riding out a buck-jumper on a side saddle, described as the last resource, cuts away the only argument that can be brought forward for a needless change, by showing that none is wanted. These little books—for they are issued in two separate volumes—are a marvel of cheapness; and the illustrations are as spirited and correct as the letter press.

Life in the Royal Navy. By a Ranker. (Portsmouth: Chamberlain.) Among the many books to which the Naval Exhibition has given rise, we are disposed to give a high place to this modest shillingworth. Forecasts of the sea-fights of the future fail to attract us, however vividly described; though, like Robert Browning, we yield to none in veneration for the slightest relic of the hero of Trafalgar. But here we have a book which could not have been written in the time of Nelson. Conceive the boatswain or gunner whom Marryat has immortalised sitting down to impress sailors by means of his pen! Yet this is what a warrant officer of the present day has here boldly attempted to do, and with no small measure of success. The name of "ranker," to our mind, rather suggests the sister service; and even there it implies the obtaining of a commission, not a warrant. But this apart, none who reads can doubt the genuineness of this artless narrative, which tells how a country lad rose to warrant rank at the age of twenty-six, after eleven years' service. No doubt, the rapidity of his promotion was somewhat exceptional, but only because of his own exceptional steadiness and intelligence. He was certainly no prig, and he thoroughly enjoyed the vicissitudes of service on nearly every foreign station except the dreaded West Coast of Africa. His book may be strongly recommended for village libraries, and as a present for adventurous boys.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS'S press has finished one-third of his very handsome reprint of Caxton's *Golden Legend*. The transcript of the original copy in the Cambridge University Library was made by Mr. F. S. Ellis and his daughter Phillis, and is just completed. Mr. Morris has designed a charming border for the first page of the book, and beautiful capitals all through, which have been cut by Mr. H. H. Hooper.

The sheets are a pleasure to look at and handle. The hand-made paper is from Kent, and is made by an old apprentice of the Balstons at their Whatman factory.

MR. MORRIS'S next Caxton reprint will be the *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* (1472), the first English book printed in England; and the poet has already planned work to last his press for many years to come.

AN early publication will be an edition of Chaucer in a double-column folio and a new black-letter type designed by Mr. William Morris, and already complete, which those who have seen it consider a great success. The text of each poem will be taken from its best MS.—the *Canterbury Tales* of course from the Ellesmere—with only such alterations as sense and metre make imperative. We earnestly hope that Mr. Morris will confine the volume to Chaucer's genuine works, and put such of the spurious poems attributed to Chaucer as he thinks are true poetry into a separate volume. He, above all men, should not adulterate his Chaucer, even by an Appendix of later and inferior work.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces an illustrated volume, by Mr. H. Villiers-Stuart, of Dromana, entitled *Jamaica Revisited*, to which are added *Personal Adventures in the Equatorial Forests North of the Amazon*, and in other little-known regions of South America, as also in the wilds of Florida.

MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. have in the press a new work, in two volumes, by Miss M. Betham-Edwards, editor of Arthur Young's "Tour in France," which will be entitled *A Survey of France One Hundred Years after the Revolution*.

M. WADDINGTON, in forwarding to Miss Betham-Edwards the brevet of *Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France*, expressed in graceful terms the pleasure this acknowledgment of her literary services had afforded him. Lord Lytton, Her Majesty's ambassador at Paris, has also written to the author of *The Roof of France*, warmly congratulating her upon the great honour she has lately received at the hands of the French Government.

WE are informed that the German Emperor has expressed himself deeply interested in Lieut. John Bigelow's book on *The Principles of Strategy*.

MR. FISHER UNWIN is about to publish a *History of Playing Cards*, by Mr. John King Rennselaer, who calls it "The Devil's Picture Book." This work is based upon much research, and will be profusely illustrated.

THE first eight volumes issued by the Railway and General Automatic Library, Limited, will be published early next week by Messrs. Eden, Remington, & Co. for the trade. Among the authors are the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lorne, Miss Florence Warden, Mr. Clement Scott, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

MESSRS. EDEN, REMINGTON & Co. will issue in a few days a novel, entitled *Priests and People*, by a well-known author, treating of Irish life and character, and describing the social conditions of Ireland at the present day; also a novel, by Miss Annabel Gray, entitled *Through Rifted Clouds*.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & Co. have ready for immediate publication a romance by Mr. Hume Nisbet, entitled *The Jolly Roger*, a Tale of Sea Heroes and Pirates, illustrated by the author.

AN illustrated novel by Mr. Cuthbert Rigby, entitled *From Midsummer to Martinmas*, will be published by Mr. George Allen about the middle of November.

MISS MARY C. ROWSELL'S volume of stories, entitled *Petronella*—which has previously been announced—will be published by Messrs. Skeffington & Son. A play dramatised from the principal story by Mr. Edwin Gilbert was produced last August at Ladbroke Hall.

A *Cyclopaedia of Nature Teachings*, consisting of classified extracts from the best writers and speakers, illustrative of religious, moral, and social truths from Nature, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. The work will have an introduction by the Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, the author of "Bible Teachings in Nature."

WE understand that the publishing house of Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh has been converted into a limited company, and that the style of the firm will in future be Griffith, Farran, & Co., Limited. The whole of the issued share capital has been taken up by the existing members of the firm, Messrs. Okeden and Welsh, who have been joined by Mr. W. Moxon Browne on the board of direction of the new company. This change has been made consequent upon rearrangements in connexion with the estate of the late Mr. Robert Farran.

THE English Goethe Society is awaking, it seems, from a period of somewhat painful stagnation. It held a meeting lately at the residence of its vice-president, Dr. Garnett, at the British Museum, where papers were read on the poet Rosegarten by Dr. Lange (original letters of Goethe to him and to his family being exhibited), and on Goethe's connexion with Jena by Mrs. Coupland; the proceedings were interspersed with music, vocal and instrumental. The next meeting is to take place on Monday, October 26, at the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, when a paper will be read by Mr. R. G. Alford on "English Critics of Goethe." The scope of the society has been enlarged, so that, while always keeping Goethe as the central figure, the attention of the members may be directed also to other fields of German literature, art, and science. An efficient executive committee has been formed, and many new members have joined. Dr. Eugene Oswald, 16, St. Mark's-crescent, N.W., is the new secretary.

THE Browning Society commences its new session on Thursday next, October 29, when Prof. Hall Griffin will exhibit, by means of the magic lantern, a series of views in Italy, illustrating *The Ring and the Book*, and other of Browning's poems. The meeting will be held at University College, Gower-street, at 8 p.m.

MESSRS. SOTHEY will open their season next Wednesday with the sale of the library of Mr. C. H. Cooper, town clerk of Cambridge, well known as the author of *Athenae Cantabrigienses*. The collection is of a miscellaneous character, consisting mainly of local histories, antiquarian works, and serial publications. But it also includes several first editions of Dickens, in the original covers, unbound; and a copy of Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell*, together with eight autograph letters from the author.

READERS of Hatch's Hibbert Lectures and Wright's Lectures on Semitic Comparative Grammar will be glad to know of the hearty recognition given to them by A. Müller and Schürer respectively in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung* for October 17. Of the former work Prof. Schürer says: "What the author offers us is not mere pale theories; everywhere he has at his disposal concrete views of things, arising out of the most comprehensive knowledge of details in both departments of history—that of the Greek ideas and that of the Christian Church."

WITH reference to the obituary notice of the Rev. Percy Myles, in the ACADEMY of last week, we are asked to state that a committee has been formed to raise a memorial fund on behalf of his widow. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. Prof. G. Henslow, Drayton House, Ealing.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE first chapters of "The Naulahka," as has already been announced, will appear in the November *Century*. The story would seem to be one of a woman's mission running contrary to her affections. It begins in a typical pioneer town of the United States of America—"Topaz" to wit—but will speedily be brought into "Rhatore, in the province of Gokral Seetaran, Rajputana, India." The hero's description characterises it as "a land on the nether brim of the world, named out of the 'Arabian Nights,' and probably populated out of them." Mr. Wolcott Balestier, the coadjutor of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is an American resident in London; hence "The Naulahka" is a story of West as well as East. A piece of his called "A Spring Romance" appeared in the *Century* a short while since.

AMONG the other contents of the new volume of the *Century* will be—an illustrated Life of Christopher Columbus, specially written by Señor Castelar; two papers on "The Fall of the Paris Commune," by Mr. Archibald Forbes; an account of the life, thoughts, customs, &c., of the Red Indians, from their own point of view, by Miss Alice M. Fletcher, of the Peabody Museum, who has lived among them for a long course of years; and a series of biographical articles by and about famous musical composers.

A NEW volume of the *Magazine of Art* will be begun with the November number. The frontispiece will consist of a picture in colours ("A Breezy Day," by Mr. H. Detmold), forming the first of a series which will appear at intervals in the magazine. This number will also contain the first instalment of "Our Illustrated Note-Book," in which the latest art movements of the day, pictorial, architectural, sculptural, &c., will be kept up to date by pictorial as well as descriptive illustration; also the following:—Mr. Dickes's "Mystery of Holbein's Ambassadors, a Solution"; "Where to draw the Line, a Word to Students," by Mr. Thomas Woolner; an article by Mr. Shaw Sparrow on Mr. Alexander Henderson's Collection of Pictures, with six illustrations; "Political Cartoons," by Mr. Linley Sambourne; and an in memoriam article on the late Richard Redgrave, by Mr. F. G. Stephens.

THE November number of the *Leisure Hour*, which commences a new volume, will contain the opening chapters of a serial story by Miss Elsa D'Esterre Keeling, entitled "The Lindens." Among the other contents will be—"The Romance of Ancient Literature," by Mr. W. Flinders Petrie, with illustrations; "The Land of the Corsairs," by Mr. Stanley J. Weyman; and "The Horse World of London," by Mr. W. J. Gordon, illustrated by Mr. A. C. Corbould.

THE Christmas number of *Good Words*—to be published with the November magazines—will consist of a story by Mr. A. Conan Doyle, entitled "Beyond the City: an Idyll of the Suburbs," with illustrations by Mr. Paul Hardy.

THE forthcoming number of *Literary Opinion* will contain a special article on the literature of the Morte Darthur, by Sir Edward Strachey, and also a signed article by the Bishop of Derry.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

DR. LIDDELL has announced his intention of resigning the Deanery of Christ Church after the end of the present term.

THE Grace appointing a syndicate "to consider whether it be expedient to allow alternatives, and if so, what alternatives, for one of the two classical languages in the Previous Examination, whether to all students or to any classes of students other than those already exempted"—in plain words, for the abolition of compulsory Greek—will be offered to the Senate at a special meeting of Congregation at Cambridge on Thursday next, October 29.

MEANWHILE, the supporters of Greek have not been idle. In addition to an eloquent essay from Mr. J. K. Stephen, under the characteristic title *The Living Languages* (Macmillan & Bowes), a committee appointed last August at a meeting of resident graduates have issued an appeal to non-resident members of the Senate, "to come up to Cambridge and record their votes against the Grace in numbers which may not only secure its rejection now, but save the University from similar proposals for many years to come." Among the names on this committee, we notice three which also appear in the proposed syndicate, which at least proves that there is no desire to prevent fair discussion, if only the syndicate is allowed to come into being.

MR. F. DARWIN, reader in botany at Cambridge, has been compelled to apply for leave of absence during the winter, on the ground of his wife's health. It is proposed that Mr. Harold Wager, of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, should be appointed his deputy.

MR. F. Y. EDGEWORTH, the new Drummond professor of political economy at Oxford, was to deliver his inaugural lecture on Friday, October 23.

MESSRS. DEIGHTON, BELL, & Co., of Cambridge, and Messrs. George Bell & Sons, of London, will shortly publish a work on the history and contents of the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the Rev. Dr. Sinker, the librarian. The book will contain various illustrations and facsimiles from MSS.; and a few copies printed on hand-made paper will be offered to subscribers before publication.

MR. ADAM's treatise on *The Number of Plato*; its Solution and Significance, will shortly be published by the Cambridge University Press. The author claims to have for the first time completely solved the Nuptial Number, and to have shown its extreme importance for the understanding of the Platonic philosophy.

THE Rev. Dr. W. Sanday, Dean Ireland's professor of the exegesis of Holy Scripture at Oxford, is delivering a course of six public lectures on "The Johannine Question."

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, the Slade professor of fine art at Cambridge, announces a special course of four lectures on "Michael Angelo," in addition to his regular lectures on classical archaeology.

DR. E. B. TYLOR, reader in anthropology at Oxford, is lecturing this term upon "The Origin and Development of Language and Writing."

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, Oxford, has promulgated a scheme for founding senior demys, of the value of £100, tenable for four years, and to be awarded to graduates without examination.

THE new engineering laboratory at Cambridge has been opened this term, under the charge of Prof. Ewing. Two courses of laboratory demonstrations are being given—in applied mechanics, and in applied electricity, besides instruction in workshop practice.

MANSFIELD COLLEGE, at Oxford, now contains 36 students, of whom 29 are theological, while 7 are following the ordinary Arts course. One of the lecturers has lately been elected to an open fellowship in theology at Merton College. In this connexion, we may mention that one of the two new fellows at Corpus happens to be a Roman Catholic.

ACCORDING to the list of freshmen published in the *Oxford Magazine*, Christ Church and New College stand first, each with 58, closely followed by Keble with 53; then come Balliol (43), Trinity (41), Magdalen (35), St. John's (34), Exeter (33), Queen's (30), and Brasenose (29). Non-collegiate students are apparently omitted; but of the halls we may mention that St. Edmund has 9 freshmen and St. Mary 5.

MRS. TIRARD is about to give a course of six lectures at 13, Kensington-square (King's College Department for Ladies), on "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," followed by demonstrations at the British Museum. The introductory lecture will be given on Wednesday next, October 28, at 3 p.m.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

AUTUMN'S TALE.

TELL us your grievance, meek autumnal Day,
That breathed erewhile the scentful, bloomy air!
Doth not the Summer still beside you stay,
To nurse you with a sister's homely care?
If sunshine pour on you a fainter smile
A sky fills up your empty boughs in masses;
Is it to further bronze the verdurous pile
And scatter new death-tokens as it passes?
The lingering Summer that, with childlike daring,
Returns to play, the insidious poison breathes,
Unconsciously the day of danger sharing,
The leaves wind-tossed in mortuary wreaths!
So is your tale but little given to cheer—
Memorial of another dying year.

THOS. GORDON HAKE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE most important paper in the *Antiquary* is one by the late Mr. Lines on ancient remains in the neighbourhood of Contway. Probably it did not receive the last corrections of its learned author, but as we have it, it is of considerable value for the student of Celtic history. The Rev. Dr. Charles Cox has contributed a series of notes on the visit of the Royal Archaeological Institute to Edinburgh. Much that he tells has already appeared elsewhere, but it is useful to have these things in a permanent form, and described by one who knows their relative importance. The heraldic exhibition was by far the most important display which the meeting brought forth. English antiquaries are commonly by no means learned in the heraldic antiquities of the sister kingdom. English heraldry is of home growth, though of course much influenced by the heraldry of Flanders, Italy, and France, and to a less degree by that of the Empire. The heraldry of Scotland was mainly a daughter of France. Sir Walter Scott does not seem to have realised this, and made errors in consequence. The Rev. J. Brownhill's notice of John de Athona, a canon of Lincoln, and an old English canonist, is important as drawing attention to an English man of letters of whom most of us have never heard. If we put aside the chroniclers, a dark night of forgetfulness has settled down on nearly every English writer of the middle ages who had not the good fortune to say his say in the vulgar tongue. We are grateful to anyone who will revive the memories of our forgotten worthies, even when they wrote in what was then the universal language of Western Christendom. Mr. R. C. Hope continues his

useful annotated catalogue of Holy Wells; and Mr. Ward his interesting notes on Local Museums—dealing on this occasion with Lichfield, where the collections seem to suffer from faulty arrangement.

THERE is nothing particularly to note in the October number of the *Journal* of the Ex Libris Society (A. & C. Black), beyond the fact that seventy new members have already been attracted to the society by its publication.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DELOMBE, Amédée. *Journal d'un sous-officier*, 1870. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
 GRAND-CARTRIET, J. Richard Wagner en caricatures. Paris: Larousse. 3 fr. 50 c.
 GULBENKIAN, C. S. La Transcaucasie et la péninsule d'Apchérón. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
 LOCKROY, E. M. de Moltke, ses Mémoires et la Guerre future. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
 STEFFENS, G. Rotrou-Studien. I. Jean de Rotrou als Nachahmer Lope de Vega's. Oppeln: Franck. 3 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- CARRÉ, H. La France sous Louis XV. (1723–1774). Paris: May & Motteroz. 4 fr.
 FRODOR, S. *Parlamentswissenschaft*. II. Die Partei-Taktik. Berlin: Puttkammer. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 FLEURS, le Marquis de. Le Roi Louis-Philippe. Vie anecdotique, 1773–1830. Paris: Dentu. 10 fr.
 HOENIG, F. 21 Stunden Moltkescher Strategie, entwickelt u. erläutert an den Schlachten v. Gravelotte u. St. Privat am 18. Aug. 1870. Berlin: Luckhardt. 7 M. 50 Pf.
 LÖNNER, F. v. Kulturgeschichte der Deutschen im Mittelalter. I. Bd. München: Meubrich. 10 M.
 MARIOT, Mémoires du Général de. T. III. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
 PICHLER, F. Boleslaw II. v. Polen. Budapest: Kilián. 2 M.
 PINGAUD, L. Les Français en Russie et les Russes en France. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.
 PROAL, L. Le Crime et la Peine. Paris: Alcan. 10 fr.
 SAYOUS, E. Les deux Révolutions d'Angleterre (1603–1689). Paris: May & Motteroz. 4 fr.
 SERVOIS, G. État sommaire par séries des documents conservés aux Archives Nationales. Paris: Delagrave. 25 fr.
 STOPPEL, le Colonel. Guerre de César et d'Arioviste, et premières opérations de César en l'an 702. Paris: Bouillon. 30 fr.
 WERNER, C. Studien üb. das Verhältnis d. griechischen zum ägyptischen Recht im Lagidenreiche. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 40 Pf.
 ZELLER, J. Entretiens sur l'histoire du moyen âge. 2e Partie. T. II. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BRUN, J. Diatomées. Espèces nouvelles marines, fossiles et pélagiques. Basel: Georg. 20 fr.
 BRIQUET, J. Les Labies des Alpes maritimes. 1re Partie. Basel: Georg. 5 fr.
 CHUN, C. Die Canarischen Syphonophoren in monographischen Darstellungen. I. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Diesterweg. 10 M.
 ENGELHARDT, H. Ueb. Tertiärfpflanzen v. Chile. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Diesterweg. 10 M.
 ETTINGHAUSEN, C. F. v. Die fossile Flora v. Schoenegg bei Wies in Steiermark. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Freytag. 2 M. 90 Pf.
 LAFAYETTE, André. La Religion. Paris: Reinwald. 5 fr.
 PALACKY, J. Die Verbreitung der Fische. Prag: Calve. 8 M.
 PRINSTER, J. M. Die Windverhältnisse auf d. Sonnblick u. einigen anderen Gipfelstationen. Leipzig: Freytag. 5 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- CROISSET, M. Histoire de la littérature grecque. T. III. Période attique: la tragédie; la comédie; les genres secondaires. Paris: Thorin. 8 fr.
 UPHARITACHAVAPANAKAR KATHAK specimen, ab H. G. Jacobi editum. Kiel: Haeseler. 1 M. 40 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES ON HERO[N]DAS.

IV.

Oxford: Oct. 11, 1891.

Textual criticism seems to have a comic side. In I. 57 K. gives *τας γὰρ α. χ. υρας* . . . and does not say that any of the letters are doubtful. Mr. Hicks, in the *Classical Review*, says: "I have again looked at the MS. . . . and read *τὰ σπλάγγν' ἔρωται*," and last week Mr. Headlam tells us that K.'s text is the relics of TACHIAAFXN—he also reading as Mr. Hicks. If this is so, then my restoration and

construing of *ἐκόννη τὰς γράς χιέρασεν* is one of the very funniest things I have ever seen. I did think *ἐκόννη τὰς γράς* extremely odd, but the restoration as such was not only perfect, it was, assuming K.'s correctness, the only possible one; while, given the restoration, the construing was equally inevitable. And I have had no opportunity of seeing the MS. for myself.

The probabilities in favour of the Hicks-Headlam reading are enormous; and then it becomes a question whether in the previous line *καθόδω της μ' ἰσης* refers to a procession of Miso or to a sloping street in which a temple to her was situated. But to change it there exists not the smallest reason, grammatical or other.

Permit me these few further "retractions." In commenting on I. 74 I did not observe (what Mr. Richards has pointed out to me) that *μετρηται* is both unmetrical and *a vox nihili*: but my remarks are not affected—read *τε* (or *γε*) *μετρηται(ν)*. In I. 80 I now restore not *Ἰταλικῶν χέ*, but *ἔτα χέον* (*χέον*?), suggested by Mr. Hicks's *ἔτα δέον*?

I find that the continuation of these notes requires more time than I can possibly give, so this must be my last letter, at any rate for an indefinite period. I propose in it to discuss a few more passages in the third poem, and then to give expression to certain plain truths which very much need to be spoken.

- (42) III. 19. α. *δορκαλίδες δε ναι παρωτεραι πολλων*
 20. *εν τησι φουσι τοις τε δικτοις κεινται*
 21. *της ληκουθου ημεων τη επι παντι χρω-
 μεσθα.*

So the MS. in 19. substitutes *δορκαδες*. One would think that the writer of comic choliambics for the stage would have allowed himself the same liberty as was taken by the writer of comic iambs for the stage; but there seems no undoubted instance of an anapaest in the second foot in Hero(n)das. For IV. 71 can be disposed of by cutting off the last letter of *οδως*, and in III. 7 α. *αστραγαλαι* (despite the possibility of interpolating a γ) is rendered suspicious by the hiatus.

It is noticeable, too, that in 63 the MS. gives *δορκασιν*, where the longer form would have suited the metre equally—and that three names instead of one are given to knucklebones, two by the same speaker. And I suggest that in all three places one name, *δορκαδες*, was really used. It was a very unusual name, for Liddell and Scott do not know it in this sense. Hence in III. 7 *αστραγαλαι* was written above it as a gloss, and so got into the text, causing an hiatus. After that had happened, III. 19 was the first appearance of the word: there in turn it was glossed, and there, too, the gloss got into the text. It was not glossed in III. 63 because the meaning would be obvious to anyone who had already read 19.

The conjecture *ΛΙΠΑΡΩΤΕΡΑΙ*, which seems to belong to Messrs. Hicks, Jackson, and Richards independently, looks right, whether we read *δε ναι λ* with Mr. Hicks, or *δε γε λ* with Mr. Richards (or *δε τ. λ.*, as I prefer).

But how did the corruption arise? Mr. Hicks supposes that the *λ* of *λιπαρωτεραι* got transposed backwards (!) into *δορκαλίδες*. If he will write out the line and try to imagine himself making the transposition he will give up that idea. If his reading is right, the corruption arose from the similarity between AI and AI, which led to the last two letters being omitted altogether. If Mr. Richards's reading is right, the same similarity caused AI to be miswritten AI, after which naturally came chaos, the first hand of the present MS. writing *δα*, while the corrector inserted *εν* above.

Do Mr. Hicks and Mr. Richards, however, see the right syntax? Each construes *λ. της ληκουθου*. It is most improbable that the comparative should be separated by eight words from the genitive it governs, and I take it to refer to the *δελτος* mentioned in the preceding lines. The mother says she waxes her son's slate every month, but he won't use it, or if he does use it he doesn't write a bit nicely, but will scrape all the wax away (*ἐκ δ' ἄλιν ξύσει*—so Mr. Richards rightly [MS. *ξύσει*] against R. [*ξύει*]). Then she goes on to say that if the slate isn't shiny the knucklebones are: "But the knucklebones, forsooth, much more shiny," lie (all over the house) in the nozzle of the bellows (so that one can't blow the fire), and in the network strainers fixed into the neck of the *ἀγκυθος* (so that, when you pour some oil out of

that universal seasoner to flavour a dish, out tumbles a knucklebone).

And, if anyone who reads these lines will come to me in the Bodleian, I will show him a Greek child's slate which exactly answers to the description given by the mother of the naughty boy in the text.

- (43) III. 22. *ἐπισταται δ' οὐδ' ἄλφα συλλαβὴν γνῶναι*
 23. *ἢν μή τις αὐτῷ τάντ' πεντάκις βάσῃ.*

In 23 the MS. has *ταυτα* (= *ταυτά*); and there is no need to change this, for the proposition may be taken to cover all syllables, as well as the syllable *α*.

(44) The mother complains that she has to pay for all the tiles broken.

- III. 47. *ἐν γὰρ στόμ' ἐστὶ τῆς συνοικίης πάσης*
 48. *τοῦ Μητροτίμης ἔργα Κοττάλου ταῦτα*
 49. *ἀληθιν' ὥστε μὴδ' ἰδόντα κινῆσαι.*

The MS. gives *καλῶν* and *οδων* and they should be kept: "For the entire tenement cries with one voice, *This is the work of Metrotime's boy Kottalos*; and true work of his it is, so that one's mouth is quite shut (lit., so that one doesn't move even a tooth!)"

- (45) III. 54. *κοῦδ' ὕπνος μιν αἰρείται*
 55. *νοεῖνθ' ὅθ' ἑμείς παιγνίην ἀγνίετε.*

Mr. Headlam and Dr. Ellis have anticipated me in defending *ὅτ' ἦμος* (= *ἦμος ὅτε*); but neither has noticed that when this is done *αγνίετε*, which is also read by the MS., becomes quite right, for *ἦμος* can take the subjunctive without *ἄν*.

- (46) III. 56. *ἀλλ' εἴ τι θεοί, Λαμπρίσκε, καὶ βίου
 πρῆξιν*
 57. *ἐσθλὴν τελοῖεν εἰ δὲ κάγαθων κύρσαι,*
 58. *μὴ ἔλασσον αὐτὰ Μητροτίμῃ ἐτεύχοι.*

But, in 58, the MS. has *αὐται*, so read *αὐτων*, which is much nearer to it; and, by the way, would *μὴ ἔλασσον* = "nevertheless," be Greek?

Messrs. Hicks, Jackson, and Ellis have all noticed what escaped me, that *ἐτεύχοι* is unmetrical. Mr. Hicks's *ἐτεύχοιο* (he accents *ἐπεύ-
 χοιο*) is certainly right.

- (47) III. 59. *ἔξει γὰρ οὐδὲν μέζον.*

The MS. has *μῶν* (= *μείων*), and the sense is perfect: "If you meet with blessings, do not pray for less than these for me Metrotime; for you will have not a whit the less for yourself," i.e., your own good luck will not suffer from your wishing me good luck. What can be said of an editor who changes *μῶν* to *μέζον*? What sense he gets out of his own alteration he does not tell us. Yet, strange to say, Mr. Hicks accepts it.

- (48) III. 63. *οὐ σοι ἐτ' ἀπαρκεί τῆσι δορκασιν παίξιν:*

Κοττάλος
 64. *Αστραβοκλῶσπερ οἶδα.*
Λαμπρίσκο

πρὸς δὲ τὴν παίστην
 65. *ἐν τοῖσι προνίκουσι χαλκίζει φοι-
 τῶν.*

But, in 64, K. gives *αστραβδὸ οκωσπερ οἶδε*; and Mr. Headlam is beyond question right in taking the words as part of Lampriko's speech, and construing "Aren't you content to play with dice like these (other boys), but . . . ?" The other boys are, of course, Euthies, Kokkalos, and Phillos, whom he had called only three or four lines earlier.

αστραβδ is still unconstrued. It looks to be one of those adverbs in *-δα* which express modes of playing games, and might conceivably mean "like lightning," from the stem of *αστραπτω*. Mr. Hicks ingeniously proposes *αστραβδον' ὥσπερ*, making the former word a vocative of a supposed contracted form of a supposed *αστραβοδοκος*, from *αστραβη*, "a mule's saddle": it would then be a term of abuse, "You mule." The weak point of both these suggestions is that they do not explain the double accent in the MS. I suggest that the two accents mean that the word is a compound of the negative *α* and the stem *στραβ-* or a word *στράβδα*, and that it means some form of the game, perhaps one in which the player did not turn his hand to catch the knucklebones on the back of it, or better, in which they were tossed so as to fall without turning over (as Prof. Gardner suggests to me).

The meaning "play-place" or "gaming-table" for *παίστην* is probably correct (I had other notions

about it); but, if Messrs. Hicks, Jackson, and Richards be right in their punctuation of III. 12, it is still quite needless to change *ἀφίει*, which would mean simply "leave off," i.e., leave off gambling. *γὰρ μὴν* can be construed quite consistently with this—it does not necessarily mean "nevertheless."

I have now gone over only two poems and two-thirds of another. I have not commented on by any means all that needs it, and hope not to be taken as approving every alteration made by R. which I have not mentioned. But, looking back over these four letters, and making full allowance for all doubtful and minor points, I claim to have proved up to the hilt that this "first recension" is a thoroughly vicious hash of the poet's text. I say, moreover, that it is a grave discredit to the state of Greek scholarship in the West that after all these centuries it should be possible to issue such an edition without the instantaneous protest of the learned world.

No reasonable man would refuse to admit that great allowances ought to be made for this "first recension." No really satisfactory edition was to be hoped for until a working text had been published, and if the editor of this working text had spent an unlimited time over every difficulty it would never have been published at all. But what are we to say to the continual inability to construe, and the continual adaptation of the text to suit that inability? Inability, do I say? Surely the editor must have been able to see the sense in almost every case if he had allowed himself a minute to think over it, and had not disdained the help of Liddell and Scott. Or what are we to say to a case like that of *φιλέω* *σε* in I. 66, of which the construing is simplicity itself and the sense perfect, but which is nevertheless changed to *φιλεί* *σε*, apparently because the editor thinks that this would be still better? Or what are we to say to the almost total disregard of every rule of sound textual emendation?

And, still more unfortunately, he does not stand alone, or nearly alone, in these methods of treating a text. I have suspicions about some Latin texts, and some texts in Greek prose, but they are only suspicions; what I *know* is that in Greek verse the number of bad emendations that have been put forward in modern times by scholars of repute is simply appalling.

It may be said, "Who are you to pass such judgments?" I ought not indeed to be able to pass them, for in the last eight years I have read no Greek author except a few pages of the *Alkestis*, and in the eleven years before that no classical Greek author except Homer. But I do know my own ignorance of Greek, and consequently, when I do not understand a passage, assume that it is I who am at fault and not the text—until at least I have exhausted the apparent possibilities of rational interpretation. And, if a change seems really necessary, I believe that the change must be consistent with palaeographical and other probabilities, and that I must be able to show how the reading supposed to be true came to be corrupted into the reading assumed to be false. The class of editors whom I have condemned appear to be aware neither of the limitations of their own knowledge nor of the fact that the principles of sound textual emendation (so far as the nature of the case will admit—and it admits a great deal) should be those of an exact science. Happily, they seldom convince even each other, and in the end each bad emendation meets from someone its *coup de grâce*, perhaps in such terms as are used on p. 89 of a certain editor's edition of Babrius, "Nauciklus θηρευθείσα male in φηλωθείσα mutavit, Gracitatis certe ignarus."

Happily, also, there are other Greek scholars of repute who have proved by their printed work that their caution is not inferior to their linguistic knowledge; and I trust that, if any such treasure as the poems of Hero(n)das should yet be discovered, to one of these men the task may be offered, and by one of these the responsibility undertaken, of producing the first edition for general use.

And to any very young man who reads this letter let me say three things: (1) Do not imagine it clever to be able to make conjectures—it is quite absurdly easy. (2) Do not imagine it an easy thing to make good emendations; an emendation may give perfect sense, and have a certain

proportion of letters coincident with the corrupt reading, and yet it may be morally impossible—you can only learn to emend rightly by palaeographical study and an intelligent appreciation of certain "canons of criticism." (3) Every time you change a correct text into an incorrect conjecture you not only hinder knowledge and set a bad example to other critics, but you mutilate the works of a man who, being dead, cannot defend them. If nothing else will save you from yourself, chivalry may save both him and you.

EDWARD W. B. NICHOLSON.

Wadham College, Oxford: Oct. 12, 1891.

I continue from last week (ACADEMY, October 10) my suggestions for the text of Herodas; some are tentative only.

I. 17 foll. One woman complaining of age to another.

M. [θάρσυν] *ε* καὶ μὴ τοῦ χρόνου καταφεύσῃ.
[γῆρας φιλεῖ] γὰρ, Γόλλι, χητέρουσ ἀγχειν.
Γ. σίλλαινε ταῦτα· τῆς νεωτέρης ὕμιν
πρῶσστιν ἔλλ', οὐ τοῦτο· μὴ σε θερμήνῃς.

So writes and supplements Dr. Rutherford (henceforth R., and Mr. Kenyon K.). But then 18 is no banter, and is inconsistent with τοῦ χρόνου K. Read *ἐ*τι σθένει γὰρ Γ. χητέρας ἀγχειν, or something with fewer letters. Join ταῦτα with πρῶσστιν, and read ἄλλ' οὐ τοῦτο μὴ σε θερμήνῃ, "but I won't be provoked." 32 foll. I would read as follows. My supplements are in brackets.

γυναικες ὁκόσους οὐ μὰ τὴν Αἰδέω κόρη
ἀστέρας ἐνεγκέιν οὐρανὸς κεκαύχεται,
τὴν δ' ὅψιν οἶαι πρὸς Πάριν ποθ' ὤρμησαν
[ἴσαι θέαι] καὶ καλλονῇ· (ἀδούμ' αὐτάς
[αὐδῶσα·]) κοῖνῃ οὖν, τάλαινά, οὐ ψυχὴν
ἐχούσα θάλαπες τὸν δίφρον; κτ' οὐ λήσεις
γρηῖσά, καὶ σεν τὸ ὄριμον τέφρῃ κάψῃ;
ἐκκλινὸν ἄλλῃ χημέρας μετὰλαζον
[πρὸς γ]οῦν δὲ τῆς τριτῆς χιλαρῇ κατὰσθη
[Βλέπουσ' ἐ]ς ἄλλαν· νηὺς μὴς ἐπ' ἀγκύρης
οὐκ ἀσφαλὲς ὄρευσσα. κείνος ἦν ἔλθρ.
[οὐ γνώσετ'· ἄλλ' οὐ] μὴδὲ εἰς μὴν ἀναστήσῃ.

But I very much doubt if the last words give the real meaning. I have written οὐ in 37 for οὖν, making it a question, and μὴ ἀναστήσῃ for ἀναστήσῃ. 71. χαλὴν δ' αἶε δεινὴν χαλὴν ἐξεπαίδεσσα. H. may have written something like *μορφή* δ' αἶεδον μῶρ' ἂν ἐξεπαίδεσσα. 74. Write, perhaps, μῶθον δὲ γὰρ μετρίους (MS. *ος μετρίους*) πρὶν γυναιξὶ τῆς νηὺς ἀπάγγελλε, if a tribach is right in fifth foot; or δὲ γὰρ μὴ ἐταίρης (suggested by Mr. Ellis's note). 82. τῇ, Γόλλι, πιδι· δέξον οὐ [θυμαιοῦσα] or [χολαίνουσα].

II. 3. οὐδ' εἰ Θάλῃς μὲν οὐτος ἀξίην τ. . . νυν ἔλει ταλάντων πέντ'. Read *ἐξ*· ἐν τῷ νυν. ἐν τῷ νυν may be found in [Plato] *Ep.* 13, 361 E. (Since thinking of this I have seen Mr. Headlam's τῷ νυν. But τῷ νυν needs ἐν, and men are not said ἀξίαν ἔχειν.) 26. κηφ' ὄτω σεμνύνεσθε, τὴν αὐτονομίην ὀρέμεν Θαλῆς λέσει. ὀρέμεν is a dissyllable. Read perhaps λήσει for λέσει, and for ὀρέμεν a participle to mean "taking away." 43. μέχρις οὐ εἴπῃ. R. does not notice the hiatus any more than that in III. 7; but from 42 it is as easily remedied as seen. Read *μέχρις* οὐ ἀνείπῃ. 53. ἡ ὄρουσ ὑπερβῇ. But has a house ὄρου; οὐδῶς is obvious, if the plural can stand, which I doubt.

II. 77. ἄλλ' ἐκπ' ἀλκήs
θαρσέων λε. . . [λέγ]οιμ' ἂν εἰ Θάλῃς εἴη
ἐρῆς οὐ μὲν ἴσως Μυρτάλῃς· οὐδὲν δεινὸν
ἐγὼ δ' ἐκέρων· ταῦτα δούς ἐκεῖν' ἔξει.

Read εἴην and ἐρῆς οὐ μὲν . . ἐγὼ δὲ πυρῶν. Unlikely at first sight, this is proved by the occurrence of the same antithesis in the mutilated lines 19, 20: οὐθ' οὐτος πυρῶς . . οὐτ' ἐγὼ πάλιν κείνῃ, and by ἄρτους in 4, λίμων in 17. It explains ταῦτα δούς, and gives full force to the order ἐρῆς οὐ μὲν. The meaning of 71 foll. is: He may congratulate himself on my age (cf. *οὐδὲ μοι ταύτρ. ἐπέ.* κ.τ.λ., in 6. 10), for, if I were in years a Thales, I would boldly say 'you want M., I want bread. Pay for her in kind or in money, or else stand off.' In 78 read *θαρσέων* ἐγὼ with R., or *θ. λίην*, or *θ. γε δῆ*.

III. 7. καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἀπαρκέουσιν αἱ ἀστραγάλαι, ἀδμπρισκε. As ἀστραγάλοι could never come into a choliambic, I think it must be a gloss which has taken the place of *δορκάδες*. This explains the

hiatus, and is supported by 63, οὐ σοι ἐπ' ἀπαρκέῃ τῇσι δορκάσιν παίζειν. 9. καί. Possibly καί "and whether." Contrast 53. 12. δοκωπερ for δοκωπερ. 22. Perhaps συλλαβῶν for συλλαβῆν. 29. δοκεῖς ἀρωγὴν τῆς ἀωρῆς ἔξειν (γραμματῶν παιδείην). τῆσιν ἀπορίης; 48. The lodging-house calls out with one voice τῆς Μητροπόλεως ἔργα Κοττάδων ταῦτα καλῶν· οὐκ ὡςτὲ μὴδ' ὀδοντα κινῆσαι. Read ἀλῆθιν', ὡςτὲ μὴδ' ἰδόντα (so R.) γινώσκειν. You know his handiwork without having seen him do it. 53-5 hardly refers to school-holidays, for the boy played truant, and his life was a long vacation. But perhaps he was so excited by public high-days and holidays that sleep forsook him νοεῖντα δῆμον παγνῆν ἀγνεύοντα (? K. from the MS. κοῦδ' ὡςτὲ νιν αἰρεῖται νοεῖν οὐτ' ἤμος παγνῆν ἀγνῆντε). 60. Perhaps αὐτὰ ταχέως τοῦτον ἀρεῖτ' ἐπ' ὥμων τῇ 'Ακίστῳ σεληναίῃ λήγοντες (MS. δέξοντες). He is to be hoisted at once and held there till the Greek Kalends. I do not think λήγοντες is right; it may suggest something better. 67. κινεῖντα μὴδ' κάρφος ἰ το γησίον. Read εἰ τὸ μῆκιστον. 71. μὴ, μὴ, ἱκετεύω, Ἀδμπρισκε, πρὸς σε τῶν Μουσέων καὶ τοῦ γερῆον τῆς τε κοττίδος ψυχῆς, μὴ τῷ με δριμύϊ τῷ ἐτέρῳ δὲ λάβῃσαι (-σπ'). με cannot separate τῷ and δριμύϊ. Read μὴ τῷ γε δριμύϊ, "not with the biting one, but with the other." It follows that a place must be found in 71 for με. Read μὴ μ', or μὴ μὴ μ', with either a by-form of ἱκετεύω or another word (ἀντομαί) on which it was a gloss (cf. note on 7). I take Κόττις to be the child or wife of Lampriscus (cf. 5. 69 foll.). R.'s Πρίσκε (though it has been called "a brilliant piece of criticism") is nothing less than an outrage. 79. εἰ ἐτι κτλ. belongs to Lampriscus. 85. πρὸς σοι βαλὼν τὸν μὲν τάχ' ἦν πλῆεν γρόβης. I suspect μὲν should be βούν, i.e., the *bovis grotus*, the *drum*, of 68 (cf. *Plaut. Asin.* 1. 1. 20, "ubi vivos homines mortui incurant boves"). 90. Lampriscus is giving advice for the future. Should τὸ μὴθὲν be ἐπετεῖν, or τούτωντεῖν;

IV. 12. A cock is called οἰκίης τοῖσιν κήρυκα. Perhaps τρηχὶν κήρυκα. 21. *παι*. Surely *παι* here and in 5.14. 30 foll. (of sculpture) κείνον δὲ Κυννῷ τὸν γέροντα πρὸς Μοιρίων τὴν χηναλῶντα· ὡς τὸ παιδίον πνίγει πρὸ τῶν ποδῶν γοῦν εἰ τι μὴ λίθος τοῦργον ἐρεῖς λαλήσει γοῦν is unmeaning, and πρὸς M. calls for an imperative or a question. Read κ δ. K. τ. γ., πρὸς Μοιρίων, . . . οὐκ, εἰ τι μὴ λίθος τοῦργον, ἐρεῖς λαλήσει; 57. Perhaps οἱ ἐργ' ἐκεῖ ἐνῆν, or κεί, as in I. 26. 62. τῶργαρεῖν δὲ πύραρον. For quantity's sake, read τὸ π. δέ τ. (cf. note on V. 73). 68. οὐκί ζῶν βλάπτουσιν ἡμέρην πάντες (of painted figures). Is βλάπτουσιν *ημερτέως* or *ημερτέα* (trisyllable) possible? Probably not. 80. ἐς λῶστον for ἐς λῶσιν;

V. 1. ἡσθ' for ἡδ. 21. Is the omission by R. of a full stop after γινώσκειν accidental? "Remember you are my slave. Evil befall the day you crossed my threshold!" 55. αὐτοῖς. 73. μὴ λυπεῖται με. R. seems not to notice the metrical fault here and in III. 58. Read, of course, *μή* με λυπεῖται. A quite certain inversion of order occurs in VI. 48—Κέρδων ἔρραφε (cf. notes on IV. 62 and VI. 41). 77. ο . . ἡν τύραννον. Perhaps οὐδ' ἦν τύραννος, "and I was no tyrant either."

VI. 5. My κείσ' for εἰς is supported by κείσαι in IV. 47. 5. foll. are spoken by the mistress. The girl scamps her work, but looks after her food. μετῆς or μετῶ; 9. ἡν κτλ. is a question. 10. θύε κτλ. (cf. note on II. 72). 15 foll. should be written ἄλλ' οὐ ἐνεκεν πρὸς σ' ἤλθον—ἐκποδὸν ἡμῖν φθείρεσθε (φθείρου;) . . . ὅτα μούνον καὶ γλῶσσας (γλῶσσαι) τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἐορτή—λίσομαι σε μὴ ψεύσῃ. Here ἐκποδὸν κτλ. is addressed to the girl (or girls) who uses only her ears and tongue, no other part of her, and is now sent out of earshot. The construction is μὴ ψ. οὐ ἐνεκεν. I have not fathomed the letters *ρῶστρο* before ὅτα. 21. καλὸν τὸ δῶρμα, not τι. 22. Νόσσις; κῶθεν λαβούσα; 33. foll. should probably run τὰλλα Νοσσίδ'ι χρήσθω, μὴ μοί. [MS. χρῆσθαι τι μοί. Is this certain? R. writing ἦν χρῆσθ' ἡμῶς has, perhaps, forgotten that χρῆσθ' can only be passive. For μὴ μοί cf. III. 78 and V. 29, where write 'μὲ, not με] δοκέω, μέζον μὲν ἢ γυνὴ [λέ]ξω· λάβοιμι δ', Ἀδρῆστεια· χιλίων ἐντὸν ἐν' οὐκ ἂν ὅστις, σαπρὸς ἐστὶ προσδοίην, "She (Eubule) may be N.'s friend now, not mine. It's a presumptuous thing to say; but, if I had a thousand of these things I would not give her another, no, not if it were rotten." R. takes χιλίων κ.τ.λ., of friends! 41. τῇ μὲν γλῶσσαν, Read, probably, μὲν τὴν γλῶσσαν. 47. μα η μοι εν

εὐχη. Read *μῦ· μὴ μοι ἐπέυχο*, "You need not adjure me." Cf. II. 58, where *μοι* should perhaps be inserted to correct the metre. 50-56 is all spoken by Metro, and Coritto answers *οὐδέτερος αὐτῶν ἐστὶν ὧν* (MS. *ω*) λέγεις, Μητροί, ἀλλ' οὗτος οὐκ οἶδ' εἰ ἐκ Χίου τις ἢ Ἐρυθρέων ἦκει (MS. *οἶδ' ἢ Χίου*). 65. "He is not much to look at, and he works in his own house": ἀλλ' ἐργ' οἰκοῖ ἐστ' ἐργα τῆς Ἀθηναίης αὐτῆς ὅραν τὰς χεῖρας οὐχὶ Κερδωνος δοξείας (so K., who says—"οἰκοῖ ἐστ'": the reading is doubtful, especially the letters *οἰ* e.") Read, perhaps, ἀλλ' ἐργάτης ἐστ', ἐργάτης. "He is a workman, worthy of the name." 90. οὐχί should be οὐκ εἰ.

The language of the poems is semi-poetical usually, not always. The second is plain prose. The rules as to hiatus, and as to anapaests, dactyls, and tribachs, are very strict, and many suggestions may be ruled out at once on that ground.

HERBERT RICHARDS.

Trinity College, Dublin: Oct. 12, 1891.

I. 64 *καὶ οἶα πρήξεις*. Read *καὶ' οἶα πρήξεις*.

Cf. Thuc. 6. 16. This hiatus is doubtful.

II. 73. Φιλήμων would fill up the gap.

II. 78. θαρσέων λέ[ων εἰπ]οίμ' ἄν.

"I would be as brave as a lion and say."

III. 17. κῆν μήκοτ'. Read ἦν μήκοτ'.

"Unless, perhaps, he, scowling at it like Hades, scribbles some naughty stuff, and then rubs it all out."

III. 19. αἱ δορκάδες δὲ ναὶ παρῶ τεραὶ πολλόν.

Accepting Dr. Rutherford's *καὶ Ἀπολλόν*, Mr. Purser writes—

ναὶ Πατρώε καὶ Ἀπολλόν.

πατρώος = Ζεύς, who protected the rights of parents. See Aristoph. *Nub.* 1468, with the scholiast, for his connexion with Apollo. *ναὶ* may, perhaps, be used parenthetically, like *μῦ*.

III. 30. οἶα παιδίσκον.

The reply of Lampriscus (I. 34) shows that a particular speech was indicated. Can *παιδίσκον* be a corruption containing *παῖς* *δίσκον*, which might be the opening words of some fable about a boy and a quoit, just as we might ask a boy to say "How doth," meaning Dr. Watts's hymn about the busy bee.

III. 59. ζῆεις γὰρ οὐδὲν μείον.

"You will be none the worse off."

III. 87. οὐκ εἰώ λῆξαι.

IV. 38. μὴ ζώσης δέισθω.

IV. 50. μαρτύρομαι φημ', εἰ σε τημέρη κείνη.

I should not hesitate to read the Ionic—

ἔσσει' (ἔσσειθ') ἡμέρη κείνη.

"The day will come."

IV. 57. κῶινη] Κῶην. "A Coan Athene."

V. 1. ἦρ' (ἄρ) ὑπερκόρινθον αὐτῶν;

V. 77. An oxymoron is probable like *δούλην τύραννον*, or *δμήην τύραννον*, "a slave-queen."

The whole second idyll seems a parody on the *Midas* of Demosthenes. The three authors in whom Herodas seems steeped are Demosthenes, Theocritus, Aristophanes.

A. PALMER.

King's College, Cambridge: Oct. 13, 1891.

II. 41. μηπροστυκασσάμενος χυὸ πάνης ἡμῶν τὸ τοῦ λόγου δὴ τοῦτο λήϊης κύρη.

Mr. Nicholson, commenting upon this passage, remarks:

"As for λήϊης . . , it is governed by *κυρή*, 'obtain a prize,' and *το τοῦ λόγου δὴ τοῦτο*, probably = 'as regards this part of the speech forsooth.' Mr. Headlam, indeed, says that the latter words 'of course' mean 'as the saying is.' It is true that τὸ τοῦ λόγου is found in that sense; but the *τοῦτο* makes a world of odds, and it would be necessary to construe *τοῦτο* λήϊης *κυρή*, 'obtain this much of "spoils."'

It is true that no form of this idiom is recorded in the *Paris Theophrastus*, and that the only reference for it given by Liddell and Scott is to *Lys.* 115. 29,

where τὸ τοῦ λόγου is an erroneous reading. But the phrase is so common that I have easily been able to gather instances enough to show why I said that the meaning is, of course, "as the saying is":

Lucian ii. 645. ἐν ἐσχάτοις τὰ θεῶν πράγματα καὶ, τοῦτο δὴ τὸ τοῦ λόγου, ἐπὶ ξυροῦ νῦν ἔστηκε.

Lucian iii. 168. ὁ δὲ, τοῦτο δὴ τὸ τοῦ λόγου, ὕνον καθαρίζων περὶ ὧν ἰδὼν . .

Lucian i. 767. οὐδὲ τοῦτο δὴ τὸ τοῦ λόγου ποιήσομεν, ἐνθα ἂν ἡμᾶς οἱ πόδες φέρωσιν ἐκείσε ἄπμεν.

Lucian ii. 586. ἐκρίνα τοῦτο δὴ τὸ τοῦ λόγου, παλινδρομήσαι μᾶλλον ἢ κακῶς δραμεῖν.

Alciph. Ep. iii. 56. καὶ τῶνον πλήρης εἰ, τοῦτο δὴ τὸ τοῦ λόγου.

Firmus, Ep. vi. ἀδελφὸς ἐνδρὶ παρῆν, φησὶ τοῦτο δὴ τὸ τοῦ λόγου.

Niceph. *Hist. Byz.* xxii. 4, p. 676. τοῦτο δὲ τὸ τῆς παροιμίας, κατὰ σαυτοῦ Βελλεροφόντη.

So Lucian i. 39, 44, ii. 854, iii. 58, 189, 256, Plut. *Lycurg.* 10, *Mor.* 784 C, 1090 F, Aristid. *Rhodiac.* p. 802 Dind., Alciph. Ep. ii. 3, Aristanet. Ep. i. 10, 11, Auct. ap. Suid. s.v. Πάγας.

I. 25. The text is explained by a proverb in Suidas and the *Paroemiographi*, ἐκ τετραμένης κύλικος πιεῖν. The adscript, therefore, is ΚΥΑΙΚΟC, and this, not *πηγῆς*, is to be understood.

I. 64. καὶ δοῖα πρήξεις· ἦδε [ἐπαίσεις καὶ σοί].

I. 85. ὅς σε σὺ γ' ὄνατο (or ὄνοϊτο)?

III. 19. Mr. Richards's reading and interpretation is strongly supported by a proverb (Diogen. vi. 31), λιπαρότερος λύχνου, καὶ λιπαρότερος ληκυθίου: ἐπὶ τῶν ὑπερβολικῶν. Nevertheless the rhythm is strange.

VII. 43. ἦρ' ὅ' ὅπ' χελιδόνων?

WALTER HEADLAM.

Lincoln's Inn: Oct. 19, 1891.

IV. 67. χω γρυπὸς οὗτος κω ἀνασίλλος ἀνθρώπος.

For ἀνασίλλος read ἀνασίμω.

This is, I think, the word given in the MS. (see facsimile facing p. 1 of Mr. Kenyon's edition), and the juxtaposition of *γρυπός* marks it as appropriate, *γρυπός* and *σιμός* being commonly opposed to one another.

L. L. SHADWELL.

[We may mention here that papers on "Heronas VII." were to be read before the Cambridge Philological Society on Thursday, October 22, by Dr. Jackson and Mr. W. G. Headlam.—ED. ACADEMY.]

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Oct. 25, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture Society: "Rabies in Animals and Hydrophobia in Man," with Oxygen-hydrogen Lantern Illustrations, by Mr. Frank Kerslake.

4 p.m. South Place Institute: "The Position of Woman throughout the World," by Miss Frances Lord.

7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Honest Thinking: a Lesson from Socrates," by Mr. G. C. Moore Smith.

MONDAY, Oct. 26, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Upper Extremity," II., by Prof. W. Anderson.

8 p.m. Goethe: "English Critics of Goethe," by Mr. R. G. Alford.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Upper Extremity," III., by Prof. W. Anderson.

8 p.m. Browning: Exhibition, by the Magic Lantern, of a Series of Views in Italy illustrating Browning's Poems, by Prof. Hall Griffin.

SCIENCE.

A NEW RECENSION OF THE CULEX.

Culex Carmen Vergilio Ascriptum. Recensuit et enarrauit Fridericus Leo. Accedit Copa Elegia. (Berlin: Weidmann.)

PROF. LEO was led to his task of editing and commenting on the *Culex*, not by its goodness as a poem, but by its difficulty, in which it is not surpassed even by *Properius*. He describes its author as poor in words, laborious in choosing them, audacious and artificial in his combinations and metaphors, far removed from the great masters of Roman speech, and not less faulty as a writer of verse than *Varro* as a writer of prose. All this is true; but it

hardly brings out the peculiar quality of the poem, which has, unless I am mistaken, some true touches of genius, distinguishing it in the memory of the careful reader from any similar short composition in Latin. I allude more particularly to the descriptions of scenery and of animals and plants, on which the poet of the *Culex* loves to dwell. They have a rare minuteness which I have found highly pleasing.

Taking the *Bembo* MS. in the Vatican, which is the earliest known, and ascribed to the ninth century, as the single adequate basis of the text, Prof. Leo proceeds to reconstruct the poem, or rather to re-edit it on a new plan. Most of the conjectures which have been advanced by four centuries of critics he rejects as trivial, except, indeed, those of Cardinal Bembo, who, if not the earliest, was one of the earliest, who employed their critical faculty on the *Culex*.

In reverence for Bembo, the present writer at least equals Prof. Leo; but I cannot believe that most of the many errors in the corrupt tradition of the MSS. which Bembo could not deal with remain as unsettled as Bembo left them. Why should we believe here what we do not believe in other cases? The same criticism which refuses to accept the grammatical or metrical errors of a play of Sophocles or Aeschylus, accepted by the critics of the sixteenth, seventeenth, or even eighteenth centuries, and having the support of the earliest MS., refuses also to accept the monstrosities of language or metre of the *Culex*. Perception of what a writer was likely to say, and what he could hardly say, what he could not possibly say, is a thing which grows with the progress of centuries, though in each century individual critics may be in advance of their contemporaries, or see so much that they are believed, like Scaliger, to see everything. As training becomes more exact, it naturally becomes more fastidious, and tends to reject arbitrarily; hence, so many corrections of classical texts, so many ill-founded refinements of grammar or metre. Yet the progress of criticism is steady and persistent as a whole; and it remains true that what continuous generations of scholars have rejected as impossible will not, under any circumstances, become possible. Now in this edition of the *Culex*, the critical faculty, so far as it is represented by the general verdict of scholars, is set aside almost entirely. It is an attempt to return, in plain English, to what is familiarly known as "construing through brick walls." Let me give an instance. It is the beginning of the digression, obviously framed on the end of Vergil's second Georgic, on the happiness of a country life.

"O bona pastoris, si quis non pauperis usum
Mente prius docta fastidiat, et probet illis
Omnia luxuriae pretiis incognita curis
Quae lacerant avidas inimico pectore mentes."

Pretiis the *Bembo* and Cambridge MSS. (*B* and *C*), *prauis* the Parisian excerpts, *spretis* a Vossian MS. of the fourteenth century.

Most students of Latin poetry, I suppose, would at once be arrested by the words *et probet illis omnia luxuriae pretiis incognita curis*. If they have a meaning, it is very hard to see. He would, on examining the

MSS., find his suspicions confirmed by the fact that for *pretiis* two variants existed, *prauis*, *spretis*. *Prauis*, as found only in excerpts and as widely removed from *pretiis*, he would reject; *spretis*, which is palaeographically very near *pretiis*, and found in a MS. of respectable age, he would incline to accept, possibly with some doubt as to whether it was a survival in a late MS. of a word corrupted in the earlier MSS., or the felicitous conjecture of a copyist. He might or might not go on to conclude, with Haupt and myself, that *illis omnia* should be *illi somnia*. Now take Leo's explanation:

"Hoc dicit: pastorum bona agnoscit quicumque non propter doctrinam quam adeptus est antequam vitam agrestem cognoverit, eam contemnat et illo pretio, doctrina scilicet, quae ab agricolarum cultu abhorreat, uno igitur vero divitiarum pretio omnia quae cum illis coniuncta sunt, τὰ πάντα τῆς τρυφῆς, etiam mala curasque probet."

I confess my entire inability even to understand the meaning of this explanation.

In a lengthy description of trees occur the following verses (137-142), thus given in B:

"Hic magnum Argonae navi decus edita pinus
Proceras decorat silvas hirsuta per artus
Appetit aeris contingere montibus astra
Illicis et nigrae species et leta cupressus
Umbrosaeque manent fagus hederasque ligantes
Brachia fraternos plangant ne populus ictus."

Here *decorat* after *decus* in 137, *appetit* as an extraordinary asyndeton, *et leta*, *manent*, are all of them almost certainly wrong; *montibus* must be. I say nothing of *proceras*, which I believe all other editors since Heinsius change to *proceros*. Prof. Leo retains all these curious readings, except *et leta*, for which he gives, after Heinsius, *nec laeta*, making no mention of my own *et fleta*. Nay, he goes much further, and declares that the clause *appetit*—*astra* is necessarily in this asyndetic form, unless a *nimirum* or *uidelicet* were added. *Manent* he explains of the order observed in mentioning the trees, the trees of mourning being left to complete the list. Every part of his defence here is a veritable *tour de force*. The one point in which I can imagine it right is in retaining *edita* against Heinsius' correction *addita*.

233. Quem circum tristes densentur in omnia poenae.

Prof. Leo has a discussion on *omnia* in passages of kindred meaning (pp. 59-60). Every student of the Vergilian *Opuscula* knows that in *omnia*, *ad omnia* is one of the recurring difficulties of these poems. 168: of a serpent moving, *Tollebant auras uenientis a domnia uisus*. 242: of Tantalus *Gutturis arenti reuolutus in omnia sensu*. Cir. 478: of Scylla dragged at the stern of Minos' ship through the sea, *Fertur et incertis iactatur ad omnia uentis*. He believes the MSS. to be right in each instance, consistently indeed; will any say convincingly? At least, none of his examples show in what sense the serpent "comes at everything." Prof. Leo explains "ready for any outrage," and changes *aureae* into *irae*. I should have preferred to explain of the snake snapping at everything that encountered him as he moved on. Again, even if Tantalus could rightly be said *reuolutus in omnia*, could Scylla be said *iactari ad omnia*? The winds, it is true,

swing her body fitfully: is then *ad omnia* a mere expansion of the idea of *incertis*? It may be so: but it has still to be proved.

I come to one of the most difficult passages, vv. 213 sqq.:

"Quid saxum procul aduerso qui monte reuoluit
Contempsisse dolor quem numina uincit acerbas.
Otia quaerentem frustra sibilite puellae
Ite quibus taedas accendit tristis Erinnyes
Sicut Hymen praefata dedit conubia mortis."

The poet is speaking of Sisyphus. Ten years ago I dealt with this passage in the *American Journal of Philology* (vol. iii., p. 281). Starting from *sibilite*, in which Bembo rightly said that *ite* was concealed, I suggested that in *sibil* we have the much corrupted remains of the dative plural of *frustratus*; further, that *acerbas*, as often, represents *acerbens*. Then, as the general sense of the two last verses can only be that the Danaid's wedding-torch was a veritable torch of the Furies, and that at their marriage an Erinnyes played the part of Hymen, I accepted with some hesitation Haupt's conjecture *accendens*. The passage thus becomes:

"Quid, saxum procul aduerso qui monte reuoluit,
Contempsisse dolor quem numina uincit acerbens
Otia quaerentem frustratibus? ite puellae,
Ite quibus taedas accendens tristis Erinnyes,
Sicut Hymen praefata dedit conubia mortis."

Prof. Leo returns to the older correction *acerbus*, and, declaring that the word governing *quaerentem* ought to be an imperative, and that no imperative exists to suit this passage except *sinite*, confidently edits:

"Otia quaerentem frustra sinite, ite puellae
Ite quibus taedas accendit tristis Erinnyes:
Sicut Hymen, praefata dedit conubia mortis,"
adding "quid hic non sanum et probum nisi forte asyndeton durius uideatur?"

I have selected some of the more violent instances in which the wish to reduce criticism to a single MS. has led an eminent scholar into the (to me) inconceivable. But I am far from denying that this new edition of the *Culex* contains much that is interesting, and some things that are new. Yet it might be wished that Prof. Leo had made himself more completely master of all that has been written on this fascinating and difficult poem, e.g., of what I venture to call my discovery of the right reading in 366, printed in the *Cambridge Journal of Philology* for 1887.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. J. G. MILLAIS has issued the prospectus of a handsome work, intended both for ornithologists and for sportsmen, entitled *Game Birds and Shooting-Sketches*. It will consist of forty-eight plates, some coloured and some autotypes, besides woodcuts, illustrating the British Tetraonidae—capercaillie, grouse, ptarmigan, and blackgame—in their several stages of plumage, with special reference to the hybrids and varieties that occur among them. There will also be a number of sketches showing the habits of the birds, and other sporting pictures. Sir J. E. Millais has drawn a frontispiece for the volume, which will be handsomely printed in imperial quarto. The publishers are Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co.

DR. A. R. FORSYTH and Dr. M. J. M. Hill have been nominated to fill up the vacancies in the council of the London Mathematical

Society, caused by the retirement of Dr. Hirst and Mr. R. Lachlan.

WE regret to record the sudden death of Mr. Philip Herbert Carpenter, F.R.S., science master at Eton, best known for his work in connexion with marine biology. He was the fourth son of the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and had not quite completed his fortieth year.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Oct. 3.)

MISS FLORENCE HERAPATH, president, who was in the chair, read an address entitled "Shakspeare's Three Mirrors." The secret of Shakspeare's abiding influence on the human race is to be found in the fact that not only are his characters natural, but that at times their hearts are bared for us, and thoughts unexpressed, perhaps by us unexpressible, arise which influence both our character and our judgment. Artists must feel before they can create. Poet, painter, actor, dramatist, each conceives an ideal; each strives in some way to portray that ideal so that it may be born anew in the minds of others. All great writers possess this faculty, and by it they people the world. But the enchanter of enchanters is Shakspeare. All the creations of his magic spell are our companions, our intimates, our friends, nearer to us, may be, than even our dearest, for often these, from sheer incomprehension, fail to sound the depths of our inner selves. Friendship binding heart and soul is rare; rarer still is the self-knowledge necessary before such an intercommunion of spirits is even possible. But, difficult as such things are, they are not impossible. Shakspeare had high views about friendship.

"To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods."

And to W. H., the friend in the Sonnets, we owe much, for this perfect friendship colours the whole of Shakspeare's life-work. Next to the Bible, we turn to Shakspeare, the great searcher of souls, for help in our efforts to know and to aid the struggling souls around us; for, by an inlook into the seething hearts of our fellow-men, he gives us lessons of encouragement, love, and sympathy, and teaches us a spirit of tenderness towards the faults and follies of humanity. Our greatest thinker becomes our greatest teacher. To him, as to no other, God has given the power of stripping off the accidents of flesh and blood, and of showing in their glory and in their hideousness the awful workings of the human heart. Anyone who aspires to lead his fellows must himself have passed through the deep waters. Of Him who did no sin it is written, "He was tempted in all points like as we are." And we know that Shakspeare was no saint. On every page we realise that he had stumbled and fallen and risen again "on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things."

"O benefit of ill? now I find true

That better is by evil still made better;

And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,

Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

So I return rebuked to my content

And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent."

(Sonnet cxix.).

The "hell of time" through which Shakspeare had passed, and of which we have his experience in Sonnets lxi., lxxii.-lxxiv. came, however, to an end, and we see him restored to a higher sanity, the subject of painful humiliation and bitter remorse. Without such an experience he would not have mirrored every phase of human nature. By the power of his genius Shakspeare stands, as it were, an embodied representative of the whole race of man. We see him in the threefold mirror of his characters, his sonnets, and our own hearts; and we turn away with a deeper sense of the danger of self-confidence, of the duty of trust, of the power of purity, and of the gospel of penitence, and with a whispered remembrance of that all-moving cry of a sorrowful soul, the fifty-first Psalm. And the lessons which he teaches us are all-powerful from their truth, their intensity, and their eternity.—Mr. Walter Strachan was elected president for this (the seventeenth) session, when the following plays are to be considered: "Cym-

beline," "The Duke of Milan," "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," "The Birth of Merlin," "Henry VIII.," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."—The hon. sec. (9, Gordon Road, Bristol) will gratefully acknowledge the receipt of anything for the society's library, which now consists of 531 volumes.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Letters to Living Artists. (Elkin Mathews.) These letters, which are now republished, are at least honest and vigorous, and not even those artists whom the anonymous writer most favours can accuse him of paying too much regard to their personal feelings. To adopt a familiar style in order to say disagreeable things may be open to objection on the score of taste, in literature as well as in conversation; but the writer does so with effect. He writes as the friend, the candid friend—the friend from whom we most need protection—and he knows excellently well how to make his praise quite as offensive as his blame. Indeed, we scarcely know whether Sir Frederick Leighton, whom he praises (with reservation), or Mr. Frith, whom he abuses (without reservation), will read the letter addressed to him (if he ever does) with the less gratification. It will be scarcely consolatory to these and other artists whom he has favoured with these public-private letters that the writer has much reason for what he says, though not always sufficient reason for saying it—a distinction of which he appears to be ignorant. Some of his utterances about Sir John Millais, for instance, would be unjustifiable even if he were certain of their truth, which he cannot be. But, as a rule, there is not much fault to be found with his opinions, and he drives them home with wit and vivacity. He takes a broad and sound view of pictorial art and its present transitional condition; and if his sympathies are strong (though not one whit stronger than they should be) with the aims of the young generation, he is no partisan or mouthpiece of a *clique*. If he extols the genius of Mr. John Sargent he is not blind to that of Mr. Burne Jones; and if he thinks that Mr. Whistler may be one of the immortals, he would like, if he dared, to inscribe the name of Watts upon the roll. In fact, though we should be sorry for critics to adopt his tone, which is frequently offensive, or his style, which, though lively and telling, is also laboured and artificial, we should be glad if there were more of them who were at once as competent and as fearless. He has evidently the makings of a powerful writer and an excellent critic.

Lessons in Art. By Hume Nisbet. (Chatto & Windus.) We are willing to accept, upon the authority of Prof. Ruskin, that Mr. Hume Nisbet has "a real faculty for colour and sensibility to beauty"; but we are not told that the great critic ever said that Mr. Hume Nisbet could draw, or that he could write a good elementary book upon art. Even if he had said so, we, after reading this book and looking at its illustrations, should have been reluctantly obliged to disagree with the professor.

The Application of Ornament. By Lewis F. Day. Second Edition, revised. (Batsford.) We are glad to see that this admirable little book has reached a second edition, and to learn that Mr. Day's new text-book, "Nature in Ornament," will shortly follow.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT CHESTER.

We quote the following from the *Times*:—

"I have been in charge of the excavations at Chester for the last five weeks, and during that time we turned up a quantity of tombstones that give rise to a perfectly new factor in the history of the Roman occupation of Chester, and, indeed, of England generally.

"These tombstones belonged, as the inscriptions show, to the supplementary 2d Legion, or, as it appears on the monuments, 'Leg. II. ADPE,' or 'Legio secunda Adjutrix Pia Fidelis.' Up to the time that I made this discovery of them at Chester, only three had been found in Britain—two at Lincoln and one at Bath. Bath of course was a health resort; and we cannot argue anything from the tombstone found there, except that a soldier of the 2d Legion went there, but did not apparently get any better under the treatment, so that on the whole the balance of evidence lay in favour of its having been quartered in Lincoln.

"But during September I found six tombstones at Chester, built up into the north wall, belonging to soldiers of this legion. The legion came to Britain under Vespasian probably about the year A.D. 75, and left Britain for good under Domitian—that is to say, before the end of the first century. It seems, then, beyond a doubt that it was quartered at Chester, as we have already discovered there twice as many records of its presence as are to be found in the rest of Britain put together. Now we know that Agricola took the 20th Legion, whose home was at Chester, into Scotland, where it took part in the wars against Galgacus and other remote monarchs, and it would seem very probable that he left the 2d to garrison Chester in the absence of the 20th. It would clearly be most ungenerous-like to leave so important a place undefended. He had just concluded a war against the tribes of North Wales. He had attacked British independence in its stronghold at Anglesey, while to the north the Brigantes were ever a turbulent folk; and for commercial reasons it would be highly undesirable to leave Chester without a garrison, for it commanded the valuable lead trade from Flintshire.

"For these reasons I venture to suggest that the above is the explanation of the presence of this legion where it was so little looked for. These tombstones had in all cases a rounded top, which seems, at Chester at least, to be peculiar to them; it is certainly not found on monuments of the 20th. This I take to be not so much a speciality of the legion as a mark of date, and I should be glad to know if other evidence confirms this.

"In other respects also the excavations have been highly successful; among which I may mention the discovery of a piece of distinctly Roman wall on the east side of the town, similar in all points of style to that on the north, and thus tending to show that the two were built at the same time.

"E. F. BENSON."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TROJAN INSCRIPTIONS: A RECTIFICATION.

Queen's College, Oxford: Oct. 17, 1891.

Dr. Schuchardt's work on *Schliemann's Excavations*, recently translated into English, contains so extraordinary a misstatement in regard to myself that I cannot refrain from correcting it. Dr. Schuchardt throws doubt on the inscriptions discovered in the prehistoric strata of Hissarlik, on the ground that I have explained them to be Hittite, and that one which I have read *rentae* (not *rentu* as it is printed by Dr. Schuchardt) is covered only with ornamental marks. Had Dr. Schuchardt taken the trouble to read the Appendix which I contributed to Dr. Schliemann's *Ilios*, he would have found that I have not read Hittite but Kypriote characters on the Trojan relics, in common with other students of the Kypriote syllabary. His own volume contains a new inscription from Hissarlik, which is admitted to be Kypriote. He would further have found that the seal on which I have deciphered the

word *rentae* is not the one the face of which is covered only with ornamental marks.

Perhaps it is too much to expect accuracy in such matters from a German author when he is dealing with the work of an Englishman; but we might have expected a little more care on the part of an English translator.

A. H. SAYCE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL will re-open their newly decorated galleries to-day (Saturday) with a series of drawings, "English Pastoral Landscape," by Mr. Thorne Waite, who has been engaged upon them for the last two seasons. A fortnight later, Mr. Herbert Schmalz's religious picture, "The Return from Calvary," which the artist has just carried to completion after many months' sojourn in Jerusalem, will be shown in a separate room, especially draped and illuminated. Messrs. Dowdeswell and Mr. Arthur Lucas, the proprietors of the copyright, will take the picture through the provinces at the close of the London exhibition. A number of smaller pictures of the Holy Land by the same artist will also be on view.

THE other exhibitions to open next Monday are the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street; and the annual winter shows of cabinet pictures by Mr. Thomas McLean and Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Son, side by side in the Haymarket. The last mentioned specially announce Señor Villegas's new work, "Palm Sunday at San Pietro, Venice, Fifteenth Century." The private view of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours is fixed for Friday next, October 30.

MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. have issued the prospectus of an important work, to be called *English Pen Artists of To-day: Examples of their Work, with some Criticisms and Appreciations*, by Mr. Charles G. Harper. There will be more than 150 illustrations, reproduced by different engravers and different processes. Of these six are photogravures, and more than fifty others are full-page plates. The edition will be strictly limited to 775 copies, of which 250 are reserved for sale in America.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish next month a handsome volume, in both folio and quarto, entitled *Henriette Ronner: the Painter of Cat-Life and Cat-Characters*. The illustrations include a portrait, twelve full-page photogravures, and sixteen typogravures in the text—all reproduced by Messrs. Goupil. The accompanying letterpress has been written by Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

MR. C. PURDON CLARKE has been appointed to succeed Mr. George Wallis as senior keeper of the art collections at South Kensington. He will retain his special post as curator of the India Museum.

THE wonderful perfection which has been attained by modern methods of reproduction is nowhere more manifest than in a plate just issued by F. Appel, of Paris. It is a specimen of the illustrations which are to constitute a volume of *Old Wedgwood*, to be published by Mr. Quaritch, and excels anything that we have yet seen in its achievement of the semblance of high relief upon a flat surface. The example we refer to is a design of Hercules between Virtue and Pleasure; and the figures and landscape look exactly like sculptured marble on a background of russet-tinted sky. They stand out with such an extraordinary effect that actual touch is necessary to convince the spectator that he is looking at a flat surface. The specimen may be seen at Mr. Quaritch's house in Piccadilly.

THE STAGE.

"THÉRÈSE RAQUIN."

ON Saturday afternoon I was able to witness the performance of "Thérèse Raquin" at the Royalty Theatre; and while I found the piece itself—as indeed I expected to find it—far less of a melodrama than certain of its critics had said, I discovered that the performance, though good and creditable, was not quite so noteworthy as it had been pronounced in several quarters. The thing is worth seeing, though—would indeed in any case be worth seeing. It is but the second piece of M. Zola's which has found hospitality among us: nay, in a certain sense, it is the first, for "L'Assommoir" was hardly seen in its nakedness and truth, though it was seen with fullness of horror, in Charles Reade's version "Drink." The version of "Thérèse Raquin"—executed mainly, as I suppose, by Mr. De Mattos, but overlooked by Mr. George Moore—does not depart widely from the original. It is not a bad translation, though it might, with advantage, have been a little more colloquial. It suggests to me, nowhere, that it has been subjected to the process which I believe to be the only satisfactory one, in translation, to a writer who is ambitious, as he ought to be, to write the English that we talk: the process of wholly discarding the original at a certain point—when the bare but real equivalent of that original has once been secured—of forgetting, from that moment, the existence of the original, and of setting one's self solely to say well and naturally what the translation, which is still beside one, says with a measure of awkwardness. The translation of "Thérèse Raquin" is good enough, it may be, for most people's requirements on the stage; but it is not good enough to be counted as literature. The thing—that is—has not become Mr. De Mattos's own: he has remained its somewhat mechanical interpreter.

Passing from the manner of the translation to the thing translated, "Thérèse Raquin" occupies a middle place in M. Zola's work. In point of date, it is somewhat early; but I mean "a middle place," in that it displays neither the exaggerated and sterile realism of the uglier of this writer's books nor the abounding poetry of the finer of them. A problem in itself less interesting than the problem of the *Page d'Amour*, is, in "Thérèse Raquin," treated with hardly a trace of the poetic tragedy which gives that volume so much of its value. "Thérèse Raquin" contains only one or two sentences—the sentences in which the wicked little *bourgeoise* expresses her desire to live for ever in the sunshine—which permit one to realise that its author is the author of the passionate idyl, *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*. But, on the other hand, in "Thérèse Raquin" we are not face to face with the superfluous and unvarnished hideousness of *La Terre*: and the view of humanity is not so wholly prosaic and materialistic—not to say bestial—as that which is taken in *Nana*. No; in these respects we may rank "Thérèse Raquin" rather with "L'Assommoir" itself: in both a sad and ugly and degraded world, but a

glimpse of the skies. In both—as in everything for the matter of that that M. Zola writes—an austere moral: the assured march of evil-doing to its own punishment.

If "Thérèse Raquin" were simply the melodrama some of its opponents have pronounced it to be, the murder which is the cause of the two lovers' remorse and collapse would have been done, not in the interval between two acts—the first of which ends and the second of which begins with a very quiet game of dominoes in a Parisian parlour—but in sight of the audience, with an abundance of water in the middle of the stage, and at the back a panorama of the Seine by Asnières or Meudon. As it is, with the material circumstances of the murder we are not for one moment invited to be concerned: we are shown in one act the state of mind and feeling in which, to two people who were perhaps not born to be villains, such a solution as murder becomes possible; we are shown in another the state of mind and feeling which, in two such people, may presumably succeed to that deed of violence of which they have been guilty. The interest of these two acts—different slightly from the interest of the later ones—is the interest of mental analysis; and, if these acts are melodrama, then the *Ring and the Book* is a shilling shocker.

The intelligent, unprejudiced person who goes to see "Thérèse Raquin" comes away with the knowledge that he has witnessed an exposition of several bitter truths—an exposition made by M. Zola with power, and with singleness of aim, but here and there accompanied by a purposeless, or at the least an unsuccessful, diffuseness, which is one of the most characteristic and abiding defects of this great writer's method. This diffuseness, this fulness of detail which is not actually illustrative and explanatory, Balzac, who was M. Zola's master, had in a measure; but he had it far less than M. Zola. This profuse employment of the commonplace, in order that one may be "natural"—this avoidance of selection and rejection, when selection and rejection are of the very essence of art—commends itself, as I understand, to a little school of criticism, or of dogmatism, which has now found voice among us; and that it does so is an entertaining evidence of the capacity of its professors for critical preachment. May I, as to this matter, be suffered only to remind these gifted brethren, who would make all things new—morality as well as method: nay, perhaps, morality first of all—of the extreme improbability that, to even the youngest and least instructed of them, there has been vouchsafed an inspiration more overwhelming and potent than the accumulated wisdom of the world.

The cast of "Thérèse Raquin" is indeed, as one of its admirers observed to me, "not a cast of names." I am bound to add that in some respects the performance would have gained if it had been; for "names" are not often got without some talent at the back of them. All question of personal notoriety apart, the cast is a fairly, but not a startlingly, good one. The actor who is best known—Mr. W. L. Abingdon, who has played villains' parts

so ably at the Princess's and Adelphi—is perhaps the actor whose grip of his part is firmest and whose impersonation is most complete. He plays the lover of Thérèse, and he marks well the phases of a not very simple character. He shows the passionate attachment as well as the remorse. He makes us believe in both. What he does not so thoroughly convince us of—but the mistake is on the right side, and on the side, be it noted, leaning least of all to melodrama—is of Monsieur Laurent's capacity for planning a murder days before it can be executed—of sleeping with it, remember; of working with it; of eating and drinking, and of making love, with the knowledge that it is coming. Mr. Herbert-Basing plays neatly and skilfully the husband, Camille—in the single act in which that encumbrance appears, before there is provided for him a watery grave. Had the drama been Scandinavian instead of French, the husband could hardly have been drawn as more hopelessly foolish and irritating. In the one case, however, one would have recognised a *parti pris*—the characteristic of a school rather stupidly dogmatic in the first place, and artistic only in the second—while with M. Zola one can accept the creation willingly enough, not as a type which one must meet everywhere, but as an individual who is perfectly possible. Mr. John Gibson plays Michaud—a friend of the family, singularly unsuspecting, though an *ex-commissaire de police*; while Mr. De Lange bestows real local colour, the true touch of the little French *bourgeois*, in feature and in character, upon his sketch of a more ancient friend, one M. Grivet. The elderly Mme. Raquin, the mother of the man who is murdered, is acted with much understanding by Mrs. Theodore Wright. To say that her performance is very French—as has been said somewhere—would be a mistake; but it has at all events the advantage of being sufficiently human. Miss Laura Johnson, a clever young woman, wanting evidently in experience and probably in range—with a good deal of strong feeling, much intelligence, and a voice and accent which are often far from being what one could desire—plays the heroine, Thérèse. I had read of her somewhere or other, that she was a revelation, a later Rachel. Why these exaggerations? She interested me distinctly, because she believed in her part: more than once she had the strength to carry the piece upon her shoulders. So far, so good. Judged by a modest standard, Miss Johnson was indeed satisfactory. But she was not a revelation, by any means, and the stage has still to wait for Rachel's successor.

To end—a play not very great, but at all events original and fearless; a performance not exactly memorable, but doing credit to the cast engaged in it.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES opens the Avenue with his new play, "The Crusaders," about the end of the month. Mr. Kemble, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Miss Emery, Miss Olga Brandon, and Lady Monckton, promise a strong cast.

TO-NIGHT is appointed for the first performance of Mr. Pinero's new comedy at Terry's Theatre—an event which has been looked forward to for some time—while Wednesday was fixed for what may be termed a minor function: that is, the production at the Court of a play which probably derives its chief interest from the appearance of Mrs. John Wood. It is written by Mr. C. Fitch, whose name has yet to become known.

THE "triple bill" as it is called, not very elegantly, at the Shaftesbury, has been this week transferred to Toole's. It began at Terry's, in the summer; but "A Commission," "The Lancashire Sailor," and "A Pantomime Rehearsal," are still found attractive.

WE have received Mr. Raymond Solly's *Acting and the Art of Speech at the Paris Conservatoire* (Elliot Stock). It is a pleasantly produced booklet of about sixty pages. To those who are instructed in these matters, it has little new to tell; but the amateur and the beginner—the very large class, we fear, who, in the matter of reading aloud, remain amateurs and beginners to the very end—it will convey many a useful hint, and always in an intelligible way. The writer, we believe, has had much personal experience of the Conservatoire and of some of its professors. He quotes not only Samson, who taught Rachel, and M. Regnier, who taught usefully fifty people less famous, but likewise living men like Got and Dupont-Vernon, who have either said or written many sensible things on *l'art de la diction*. Nor is Mr. Solly unmindful of what has been said by that most highly qualified *littérateur*, M. Legouvé, in his charming little volume, *L'Art de la Lecture*. From this admirable writer, indeed, Mr. Solly might have quoted with greater liberality. We thank him, in any case, for a booklet very excellent in its own way.

MUSIC.

THE AUTUMN OPERA SEASON.

SIGNOR LAGO commenced his season at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Monday last. After wasting the principal part of the evening with Ricci's "Crispino e la Comare," the novelty, Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," commenced at a quarter past ten. Why was it not put first? And again it may be asked, Why was Ricci's opera given at all? Mascagni's clever and promising work was recently noticed in these columns in connexion with a performance at the Dresden theatre, and so it will only be necessary to speak of the manner in which it was presented at the Shaftesbury. Signor Francesco Vignas (Turiddu) is an excellent artist, and his impersonation of the lover produced a marked effect. But with his encore and double encore, and bows to the audience, he broke the spell of the village drama. There are Italian operas to which encores can do but little harm, but Mascagni's work is not of such a kind; it was as unfair to the composer thus to destroy the effect of his tone-picture, as it certainly was annoying to many of the audience. Signorina Adelaide Musiani, as Santuzza, acted with much feeling, though her voice was not at all times pleasant. Miss Grace Damian gave a quiet rendering of the part of Lucia, and Signor Brombara was a fairly good Alfio. The chorus was hard, and the orchestral playing not first-rate. Signor Arditi was the conductor. Of course certain allowances must be made for an opening night, and it is to be hoped that Signor Lago will use his best efforts to present the work to the best advantage. The "Cavalleria Rusticana" has obtained a brilliant success on the continent, and it ought also to make its

mark here. The applause and encores mentioned above show that the first performance was outwardly a success, but first nights are no real test.

Sir Augustus Harris commenced his autumn opera season at Covent Garden, on Tuesday evening, with Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" in French. The performance of operas in that language is evidently, from the programme of the first week, to be a special feature. It is a great advantage to hear works sung in their original form; and, perhaps, some day we shall not only have Gounod and Bizet in French, but Wagner in German. The part of Juliette was undertaken by Mlle. Simmonet, from the Paris Opéra Comique. She has a flexible voice, and one of considerable compass, and it has evidently been well trained. In the first act she was nervous, and the value, if skilfully sung, was not given with all due brilliancy. However, she soon got used to her audience, and in the balcony scene appeared to considerable advantage. Mlle. Simmonet is a clever actress. So much for the present: there will be another opportunity to judge of her powers as an artist on Saturday, when she will sing in Gounod's "Philemon et Baucis," the first novelty of the season. M. Cossira, from the Paris Grand Opéra was the Romeo: he too, is a good actor, and sings with taste, but the notes in the upper register of his voice are not telling. The clear enunciation of words by these two vocalists deserves praise: the same may be said of that clever artist M. Dufrieche (Mercutio). Mme. Laurent as Gertrude, Mlle. Janson as Stephano, and Signor Abramoff (Frère Laurent), added to the success of the evening. As a new conductor, M. Léon Jehin is skilful; but why was he so restless?

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

SEÑOR SARASATE gave the first of a series of orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, and, as usual, the hall was crowded. He played the new Max Bruch Concerto in D minor (No. 3). This work, as mentioned last week, had already been given in London with pianoforte accompaniment; but the orchestra adds much to its effect. The writing is skilful, and the Adagio attractive; but the composer has certainly not surpassed his first Concerto. The difficulties for the solo instrument are great, though for Señor Sarasate they can scarcely be reckoned as such. His tone, however, sounded somewhat weak; but later on, in Raff's feeble "Fée d'amour," with its showy cadenza, he was at his best. The programme also included Mozart's G minor Symphony, given under the direction of Mr. Cousins. The Max Bruch Concerto will be repeated on November 13.

ON Monday last, Dr. Hodgkin unveiled a monument to William Shield, musician and composer, which has been erected by public subscription in Whickham Churchyard, near Newcastle. Shield was a pupil of Avison, and was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1829.

OBITUARY.

WE regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. W. A. Barrett, for many years musical critic of the *Morning Post*. He was inspector of music for the Education Department, and likewise vicar choral at St. Paul's Cathedral. He was the author of "Balfé—his Life and Work" and of the interesting work "English Glee and Madrigal Writers." He did much for the encouragement of native art, and the monument to Balfé in Westminster Abbey was erected through his exertions. He also wrote (with Dr. Stainer) the "Dictionary of Musical Terms." As a lecturer he was well known, and his genial manner secured for him many friends.

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